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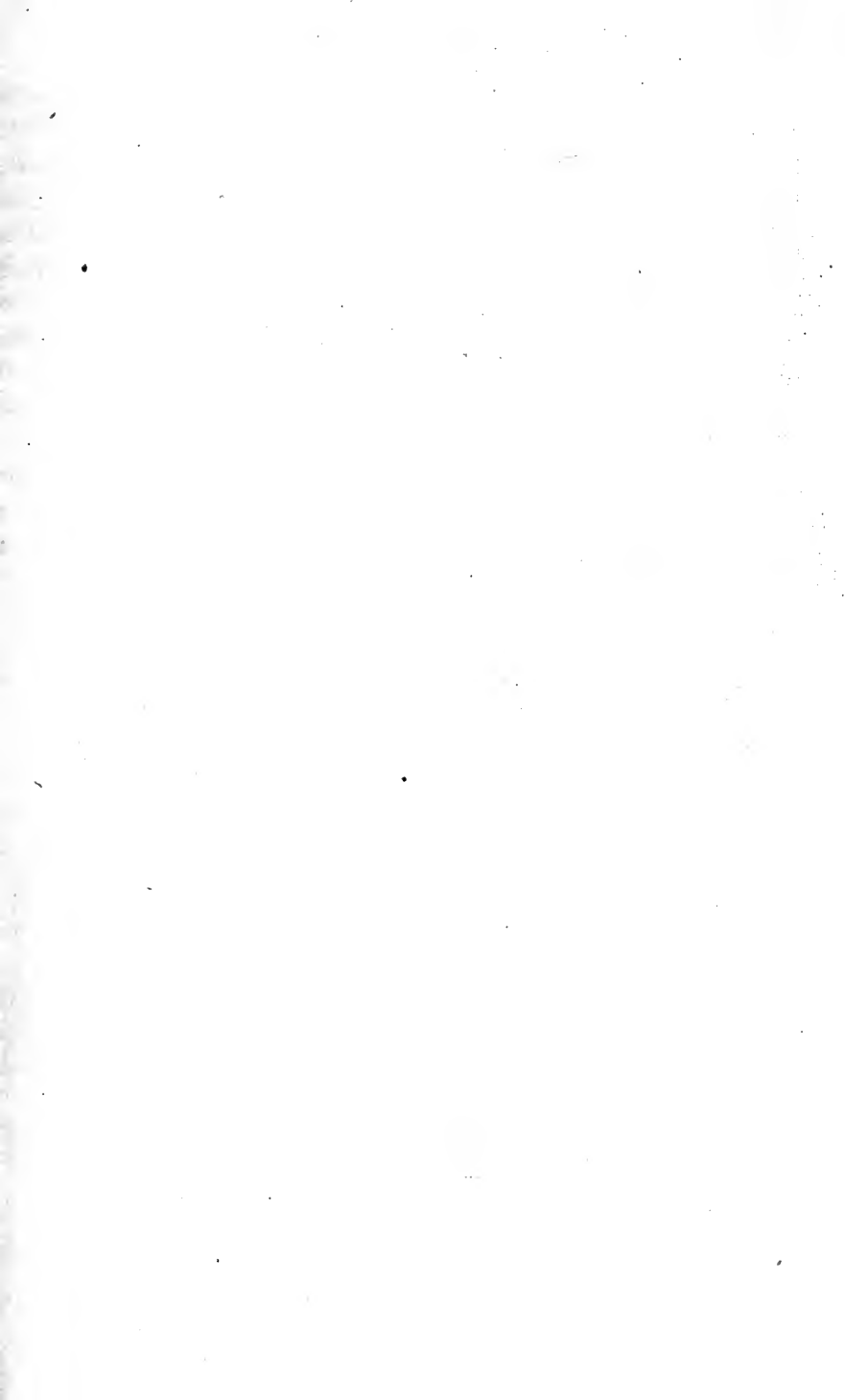
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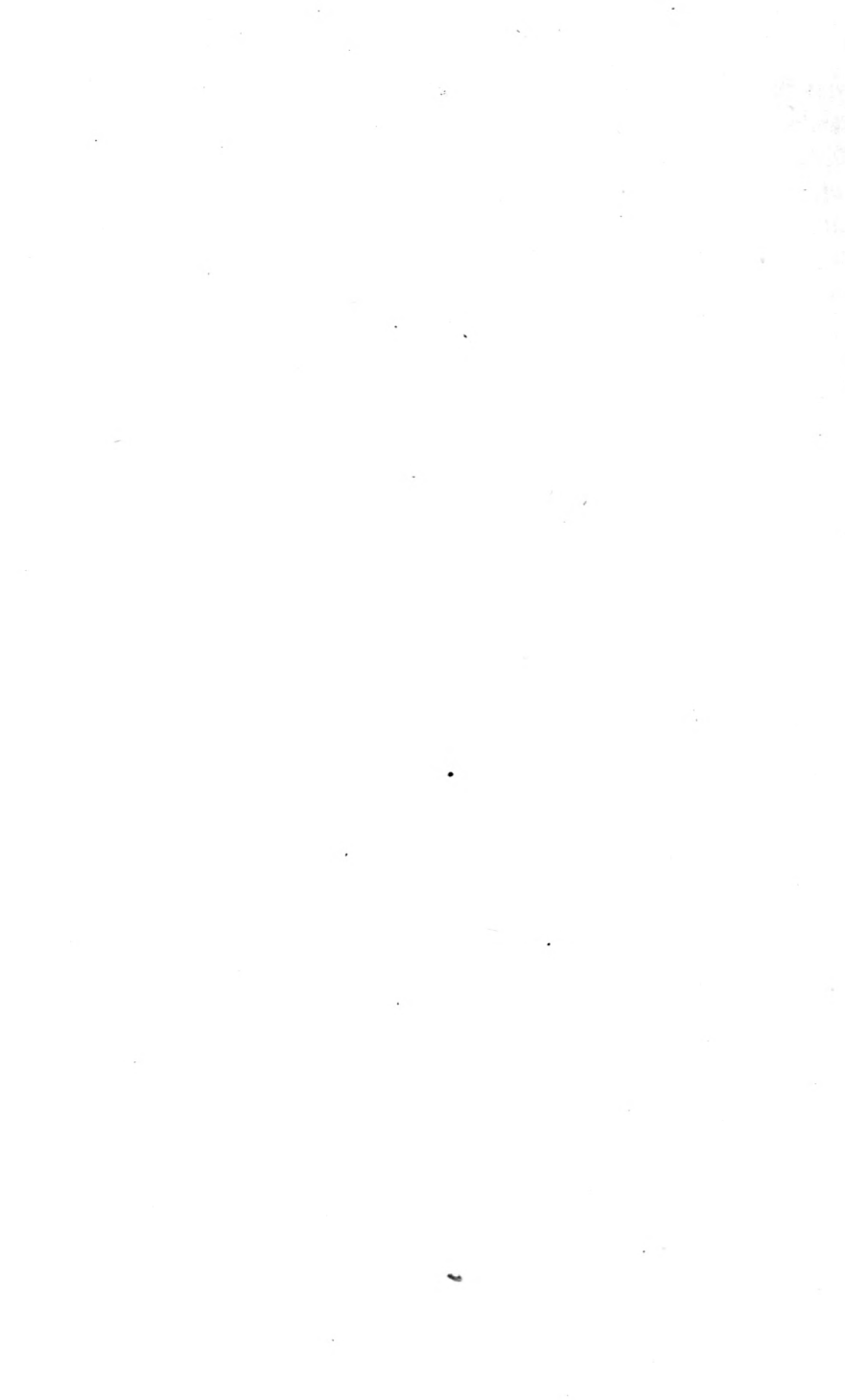
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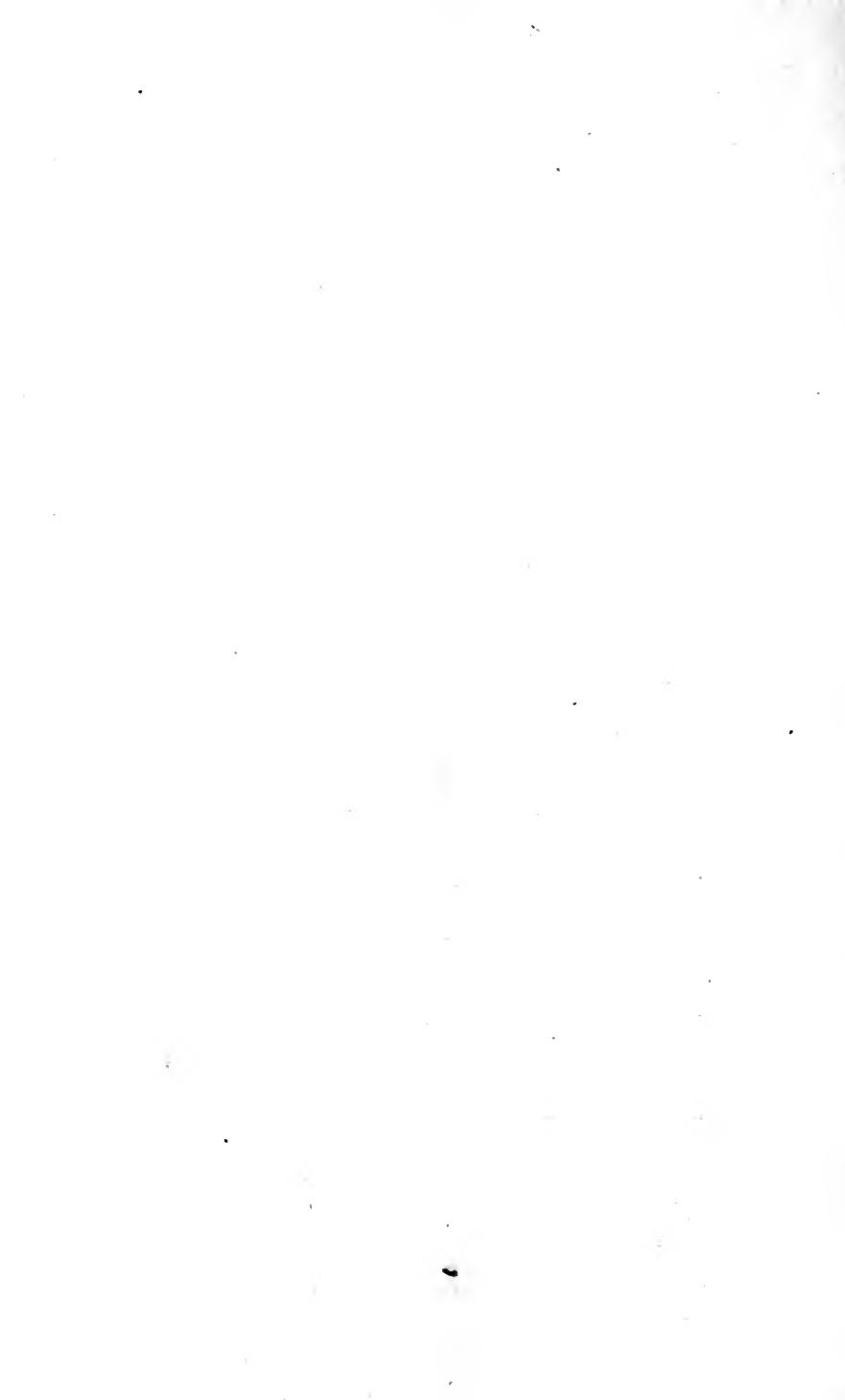


Ca

In Memoriam.

REV. C. T. MILLS, D. D.





IN MEMORIAM.

Rev. Cyrus Taggart Mills, D. D.

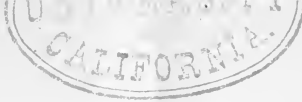
BORN IN PARIS, NEW YORK, MAY 4TH, 1819.

DIED AT MILLS SEMINARY, CALIFORNIA, APRIL 20TH, 1884.

HIS WORKS DO FOLLOW HIM.



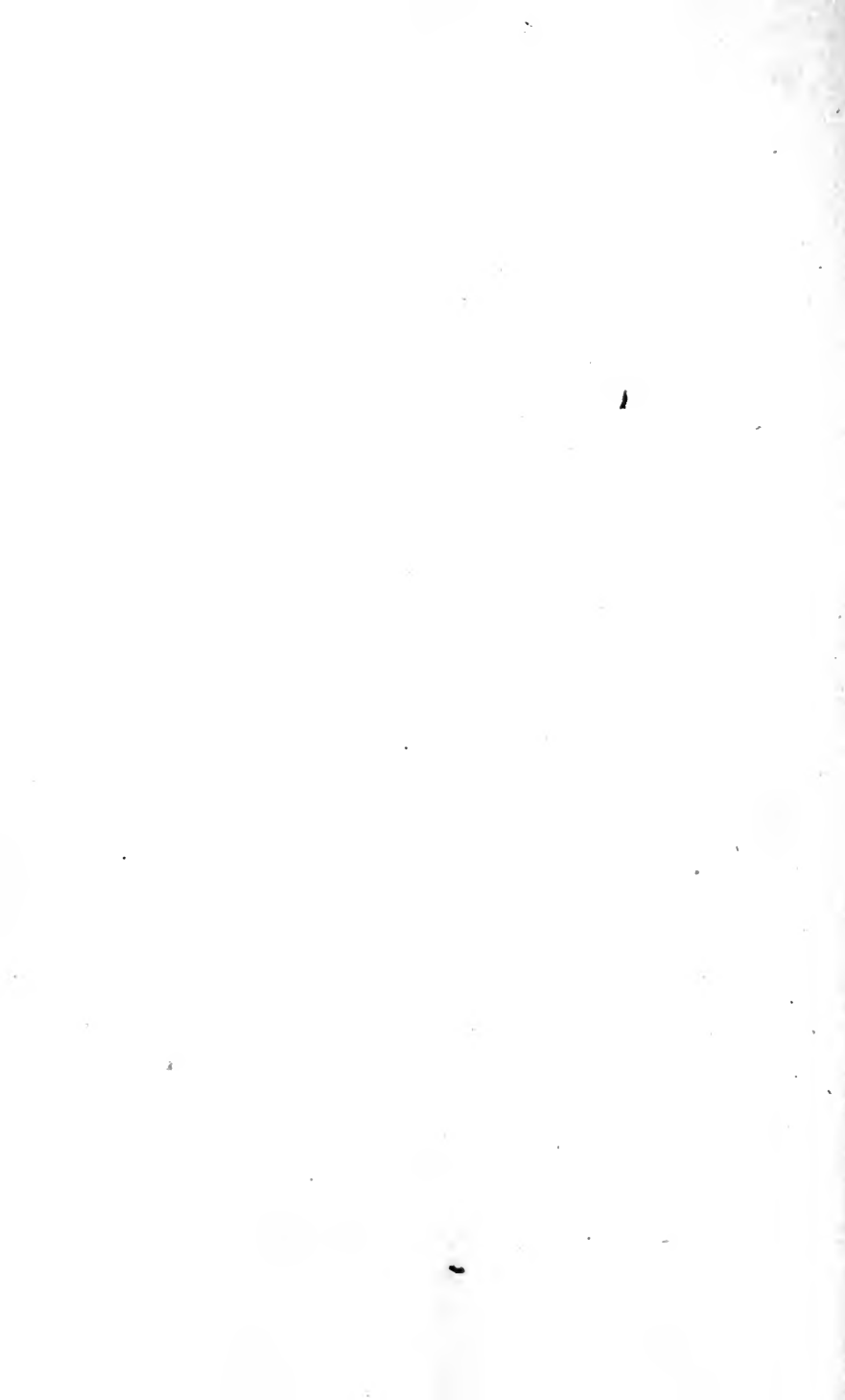




Missionary Chant.

A GREAT FAVORITE WITH DR. MILLS. SUNG AT HIS GRADUATION, AND ALSO
AT HIS FUNERAL.

My soul is not at rest ; there comes a strange
And secret whisper to my spirit, like
A dream at night, that tells me I am on
Enchanted ground. Why live I here? The vows
Of God are on me, and I may not stop
To play with shadows or pluck earthly flowers,
Till I my work have done, and rendered my
Account. The voice of my departed Lord,
“Go teach all nations,” from the Eastern world
Comes on the night air and awakes my ear,
And I will gladly go. From henceforth, then,
It matters not if storm or sunshine be
My earthly lot, bitter or sweet my cup ;
I only pray, “God fit me for the work,
God make me holy, and my spirit nerve
For the stern hour of strife.” Let me but know
There is an arm unseen that holds me up,
An eye that kindly watches all my path,
Till I my earthly pilgrimage have done.
Let me but know I have a friend that waits
To welcome me to glory, and I joy
To tread the dark and death-fraught wilderness.
And when I come to lay me down to rest,
To sleep the blessed sleep—it will be sweet
That I have toiled for other world than this—
Yea, very sweet. And when I reach my home
With all the conflict past, if one for whom
Satan has struggled as he has for me
Should ever reach that blissful shore, O how
This heart will flame with gratitude and love,
And through the ages of eternal years
Thus saved, my spirit never shall repent
That toil and suffering once were mine below.



Biographical.

the extraordinary business powers of the man, which have been conspicuous through his entire life career, resulting in the accumulation of a large property, which, with his noble example, he has left as a largess to mankind.

DR. MILLS was born in Paris, New York, in 1819. Had he lived until the fourth of May, he would have reached his sixty-fifth birthday. Until his conversion, at the age of nineteen, he had received but an ordinary school education. But conversion with him meant something more than a weak, languid confession of love to Christ. It meant a quick, ready, and full consecration to the Master whom he served—a surrender of his whole being to the Saviour of his being—a glad going forth in the faith and love of Him who said: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." From the hour of his conversion he dedicated himself to missionary work.

He entered Williams College at twenty-one, with less than fifty dollars. Educationally, he was poorly prepared for matriculation. But this did not daunt his unflagging courage. By dint of studying fourteen hours a day, he soon was abreast of all his classes. He taught winters, and so met financial needs. Amid all the heavy pressure of work he found time for missionary labors among the poor about him. "The poor have the gospel preached to them," was the key-note of his life. He graduated seventh in a class of thirty-seven. Up to the day of his death, he tenderly cherished the memory of his beloved Alma Mater, and was looking forward to the fortieth reunion of his class with fond expectation. He held in reverent esteem the name of

Dr. Mark Hopkins, and delighted to speak of the grandeur of his character. A picture of this distinguished man hung in his library, and he showed it to his friends with affection and pride. He indorsed the tribute which the lamented Garfield paid to him, where in speaking before a convention of teachers, he said: "It has long been my opinion that we are all educated far more by personal influence than by mere books, or the apparatus of schools. If I could be taken back into boyhood to-day, and had all the libraries and apparatus of a university, with only ordinary routine professors on the one hand, and on the other a great, luminous, rich-souled man, such as Dr. Hopkins is, in the woods alone, I would say, Give me Dr. Hopkins for my college course, rather than any university with only routine professors. The privilege of sitting down before a great, clear-headed, large-hearted man, and breathing the atmosphere of his life, and being drawn up to him, and lifted up by him, and learning his methods of thinking and living, is, in itself, an enormous educating power."

After his graduation at Williams, DR. MILLS entered the Union Theological Seminary, New York, again paying his way by dint of untiring industry. He finished his course without debt. In addition to the regular curriculum, he studied Tamul, in order to be ready for mission work in Southern India. Nine of his class dedicated themselves to missionary work. At their graduation a beautiful missionary chant was sung, which has always since been a great favorite with DR. MILLS, breathing as it did, the spirit of self-surrender to the cause of Christ. This chant was again sung

at his funeral. While pursuing his theological course, he was actively engaged in mission work among the poor of the city. In church relations he was associated with such men as William E. Dodge, Wm. H. Booth, and Christopher Roberts. They all caught the spirit of consecration to God and humanity.

In September, 1848, at Ware, Massachusetts, he was married to Miss Susan L. Tolman, for six years an associate with Mary Lyon at Mount Holyoke, both as pupil and teacher. With a life companion equally consecrated to missionary work, he sailed at once for India under the auspices of the American Board, which then embraced both the Presbyterian and the Congregational denominations. He was stationed in Ceylon, where for five years he had the presidency of the Batticotta Seminary, educating young men for the ministry and missions. In the administration of affairs here, the superior financial ability of DR. MILLS was manifestly apparent. Wonderful success attended his work. After six years of devoted service, impaired health necessitated an interval of rest and recruiting. But medical advice forbade his return to the field on peril of his life. In speaking of this recently, DR. MILLS said: "It was the saddest day of my life when I was told I could not return." But he still worked for the cause he loved, by arousing an interest in the churches of the East, and laying before them the magnitude of the work. He was called to a pastorate in Berkshire, N. Y., where he was greatly beloved. But two years' labor showed that his strength was insufficient for pastoral work. He now entered business life as his only resource during the interval of recupera-

tion. This was not his chosen work. And after two years he felt the divine command stirring within him : " Go, teach all nations ! " and he obeyed by accepting the position of President of Oahu College, near Honolulu. This college was established for the education of the children of missionaries and other foreign residents. Here he remained four years, doing a grand work, bringing the College from a condition of dependence, that called for several thousand dollars a year from the Board, to a self-supporting basis. It has continued on a paying basis up to the present time. But to a constitution already impaired by his stay in India, the climate of the Islands proved deteriorating, and he was again forced to give up the work he so much loved. Miss Atkins of Benicia, who was visiting the Islands *en route* to China, on learning of the enforced change of climate, said : " You must go to California ! " In 1865, DR. MILLS purchased Miss Atkins' school at Benicia, the pioneer institution for young ladies, and entered upon his great educational work in this State. Here he labored for seven years. From a family numbering less than forty, it rapidly outgrew all accommodations, and larger quarters were imperatively demanded. With that marvelous business forecast which characterized his entire career, and his wonderful executive ability, he managed to secure lands that rapidly appreciated in value, and when the time came for enlarged work, it found him ready to prosecute his plans successfully. Owning the present beautiful site, he decided to build here, thus securing a healthy location, secluded, yet easy of access. Generous contributions were made by friends of education

to induce the removal from Benicia and to aid the work. Some twenty-five thousand dollars, in money, and five thousand dollars in other gifts, exclusive of a sum raised for the building of the church, were contributed for the purpose. Energetic, liberal friends were not wanting at this juncture. But the outlay, as is always the case where such a vast enterprise is projected, far exceeded the original estimate. No less than one hundred and sixty thousand dollars were invested at the start. Heavy financial burdens now pressed upon the indefatigable founder. But the sequel proved him equal to the emergency. In 1871, the Seminary was re-opened in its new surroundings. It was very much against the wish of DR. MILLS that the Seminary should bear his name. His modest, retiring nature shrunk from any such conspicuity. He chose the name "Alderwood," and insisted that the institution be called "Alderwood Seminary." The first intimation that he had of the christening of the Seminary as "Mills," was from the architects' pictures. From all of these that came into his hands, he erased the name, but he labored in vain in this regard. The name, "Mills Seminary," still adhered to the institution that he founded in love, faith, and prayer. It was a grand success from the very day of its inauguration. Year by year new buildings and other improvements have been added, until to-day Mills Seminary stands in proud preëminence among the best educational institutions of the country, representing in solid values not less than two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, with eight scholarships, aggregating over twenty thousand dollars, which are used for the

benefit of gifted young women who are without the necessary means of education. Nearly all these scholarships have been secured by DR. and MRS. MILLS, many of them having been given by Eastern friends. It should be remembered that means to carry forward such a vast enterprise as this could never be secured from a Seminary with such generous appointments as are to be found here. Investments in outside property, wisely selected and carefully administered, directed by financial skill and turned to good account, have been the secret of the wonderful pecuniary success of DR. MILLS. His faultless taste is exhibited in the grounds around the Seminary. They comprise eighty-five acres under a high state of cultivation. Over fifty thousand trees have been set out. Only a day or two before his death, DR. MILLS ordered the planting of a large number more, which were to serve as a break-wind to a lovely building-site near the church, where he hoped to build a little cottage, in which he might, with his devoted wife, spend the sunset hours of his life. The spot is dedicated to his tomb, and will be made as lovely as affection can devise. The whole place is extremely beautiful, full of sweet surprises and enchanting landscape pictures. It tells the story of its consecrated founder. It is a grand and beautiful monument to a life of unselfish, Christ-like devotion to mankind. It was the aim of the founders of Mills Seminary to seek to lay the foundation for a permanent institution of the highest order, conducted on true Christian principles, where pupils should be always surrounded by an atmosphere of Christian influence. Their aim has

been eminently successful. Believing that secular education should never be divorced from religious training, they desired that the two should be so combined that the young women who were here trained should not only become mentally but spiritually strong, well-fitted for the duties of a noble, Christian womanhood. Nearly three hundred Alumnæ revere and honor their beloved Alma Mater, and over sixteen hundred pupils are widely scattered, exerting a mighty influence as daughters, wives, mothers and teachers. Who shall estimate the value of a work like this?

It should be remembered, also, in this connection, that this noble gift not only represents the great monied value attached thereto, but, in fact, the entire life-work of DR. and MRS. MILLS. "Put something of thyself into thy gift, if thou wouldst render it sacred and immortal," says an eminent writer. DR. and MRS. MILLS have embodied their whole lives in this sacred legacy to the young women of this Western world. It is, as it were, the grand ultimate of all that has preceded it, of experience, labor, love and devotion. It will prove an immortal heritage.

As is well known, this noble Institution ceased to be private property some seven years ago. It was incorporated under the laws of the State, and deeded to a self-perpetuating Board of Trustees, to be held by them and their successors forever, for the specific purpose of educating young ladies. According to the terms of the gift, the school must be Christian in character but not sectarian.

It is not to be doubted that the final illness of DR. MILLS was very largely the result of overwork. The

dregs of the disease contracted in India had never been eradicated. Shortly before his death he remarked to a friend: "For thirty years I have scarcely known what it was to be free from pain." "And yet you say so little about it?" He replied: "Why should I trouble others with it?" This was a true expression of his heroic, unselfish spirit and life. But, with all his feebleness, he was resolved on liquidating a heavy debt that hung over the Seminary. He combated successfully with this debt of eighty thousand dollars. When the Institution was deeded to the State, fifty thousand dollars of this debt was still unpaid. All of this, except about seven thousand dollars, he has paid himself. Of the seven thousand Mr. J. P. Pierce, of Santa Clara, generously gave three thousand, Hon. William Hyde, of Ware, Mass., a life-long friend, three thousand, and Mrs. M. S. Percy, of Oakland, through Dr. Eells, one thousand.

So, also, the money for the beautiful library building, now in process of erection, was secured by Mrs. Mills from a devoted friend in the East. During the twenty years' labor in California, over one hundred pupils have been aided in securing an education, in part, at least, by DR. MILLS. Of these things he never spoke. Nor was this all. Remembering his own struggles for education in his youth, he has helped a number of young men in Eastern colleges. He aided in the erection of the church in Benicia, and the chapel near the Seminary, and was interested in the erection of a church at Pomona, at the time of his death. He has never forgotten his first love—the

missionary work—and has kept up his gifts in this direction, thus literally sowing beside all waters.

A little more than two years ago, Dr. Mills visited Southern California to look after some landed property that he owned there. While there his attention was called to a large and valuable tract of land at Pomona. With his quick business insight, he at once saw in it the means for liquidating the indebtedness on the Seminary, and of doing many other things for the school which he desired to do. Although in feeble health, and illy able to add to the already large demands upon his strength, he did not hesitate to take hold of the opportunity presented. For two years he has developed these interests with untiring energy and persistence, and with results so reassuring as to lead him to say, only a short time before his blessed transition: "I have a few more things I would like to accomplish that I have planned for the Seminary, but God knows best. I am content to do His will."

About two months ago his right arm began to give him slight trouble. At first he paid very little attention to the matter. His spirit was essentially heroic, and it was his way to say little about himself. He was always patient and uncomplaining, and those who loved him best were often compelled to minister to him in spite of himself, so averse was he to causing any care or anxiety. But now it became evident that the arm trouble was a serious matter. The best of medical skill was promptly summoned to discover, if possible, the cause of the trouble. It was finally deemed imperative to amputate the arm as the last chance for life. The long years of silent, uncomplaining weak-

ness, superinduced by the missionary life in India, now told upon this good man. Nature had not sufficient rallying force to withstand the critical test. Just before the operation, when it was told DR. MILLS that amputation was inevitable, he calmly said: "I am sure it is best." As the preparations were going forward, he was perfectly tranquil and resigned, saying to Dr. Wythe, his physician and warm personal friend: "I cannot *think* just now, but I *can trust*. I am simply clinging to the Cross." After it was all over he seemed to rally toward recovery. It was but a bright flash before the final going. Just as the critical moment or departure came, his devoted wife said to him: "Is it all right? You know where your trust is?" He quickly responded: "Yes, it is all right"; and gently and calmly as he had lived, so gently and calmly his patient spirit took its heavenly flight, entering into the rest that remaineth.

The funeral obsequies were most beautiful and impressive. There were flowers everywhere. The grounds were radiant with blossoms. The hushed and silent halls were appropriately garnitured with these floral emblems of affection. Loving hands wrought marvels of suggestive beauty in the chapel, and every delicate bud, every fresh green leaf, whispered so sweetly, so harmoniously of the glorious resurrection. There were many exquisite floral designs. One of the most beautiful was a field of ripened wheat; half of the golden blades had fallen under the reaper's sickle, and above them was inscribed the one word "Gathered," formed of deep-hued violets. This was a device of one of DR. MILLS' devoted pupils, Miss Mary Bates.

A floral column five feet in height, resting upon a floral pedestal, was made of the choicest white roses, camelias, and lilies, and garlanded with black velvet pansies. This was a fitting tribute from the teachers. The Junior Class contributed a beautiful floral star, over which poised a white dove. An immense floral pillow of roses and camelias was the offering from the Senior Class, with the touching inscription, "Our Benefactor," in blue violets. A large floral anchor, on a standard of white flowers, was a tribute from the Junior Middle Class. Two of the most elaborate and beautiful pieces were from the Senior and Junior Middle Classes. They were symbols of "The Gates Ajar." A massive arch of flowers was surmounted by a star, with a radiant crown depending from the center of the arch. Symbolic gates, half open, were made of the richest dark pansies. A beautiful cross was presented by the workmen about the place. Many other exquisite floral pieces were disposed about the rich black casket, and on the chapel platform. The organ was almost hidden among a drapery of roses. An admirable portrait of DR. MILLS was draped with black velvet, over which hung sprays of exquisite rose-buds.

The chapel services were opened at half-past one o'clock. The bell tolled slowly and sadly as the Trustees bore the casket into Seminary Hall. The President of the Board, Rev. Dr. I. E. Dwinell, now traveling in Europe, and the only member of the Board not present, will be greatly pained to hear of the death of DR. MILLS. Rev. Dr. Beckwith offered a tender invocation. The choir, under the leadership of Professor Kelleher, gave some sad, sweet music;

Rev. Mr. Horton read a portion of the fourteenth chapter of John. Rev. Mr. Tabor took for his theme, "God is good," and proceeded to speak at length of the noble work of the departed. It was a worthy tribute to a worthy man. Rev. Dr. Barrows gave an impressive eulogy on the life and work of DR. MILLS, and Rev. Dr. Wythe paid a touching and affectionate tribute to his memory, which moved the audience to tears. On behalf of the Board of Trustees, Rev. T. K. Noble read the appropriate set of resolutions adopted at its special meeting. Rev. Dr. Barrows offered a pleadingly sympathetic prayer, and Rev. Dr. Burrowes pronounced the benediction. The large audience, consisting of the young ladies of the Seminary, the teachers, and friends from San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, San Leandro, Haywards, and Fruitvale, now filed slowly and tearfully out of the chapel, taking a last look at the tranquil, peaceful face of one who had lived only to bless the world. Not a trace of anything but peace was there—nay, more, it was as if bright memories had illumined life's sunset hours, as the sunshine breaks across the sky at the close of a toil-worn day, making the very clouds that partially obscured the sun more resplendently beautiful at its setting.

In consequence of the inclement weather, the interment was deferred until the following day. It was just before the sun set when the sad and silent cortege wended its way through the beautiful, leaf-embowered "Bryant Path," over the gentle, winding slopes to the lovely spot selected as the place of burial. "Let us carry him to the grave—we can do it," was the plea of

the loving, devoted pupils, who could hardly be persuaded that their strength was not equal to the demand. But strong, loving hands bore the sacred remains to their last resting place. A few friends, in addition to the Seminary household, joined in the last sad rites. The scene was pathetically beautiful. The slope selected for the grave was near the little vine-clad church, whose spire, pointing to the skies, told its own mute lesson. The sun was just sinking below the western hills calmly and sweetly to rest, whispering suggestively as he went: "I do not go out, I only rise in another sphere." "The tender twilight with its tearful cheek leaned on the breast of evening." The lights and shadows softly tinted the crests and sides of the near hills and the distant mountains. The velvety slopes were affluent with bloom, and the flower-laden trees added a soft beauty to the sylvan picture. In the distance the stately old monarch of the mountains, Tamalpais, loomed up like a mourning sentinel, keeping solemn guard over the faithful soldier who was being borne to the "bivouac of the dead." The birds trilled their sweetest music. The brooks chanted their rhythmic requiem. All nature, hushed and tranquil, was in harmony with the scene. Love had transformed the grave into a bower of bloom. It was lined with evergreen and festooned with flowers. The opening was bordered with choice calla lilies, and snow-balls as pure as the sainted dead depended from the margin of the tomb, as far as the eye could reach. The mound of earth was entirely concealed with verdure and flowers, and the vast number of exquisite

floral tributes were disposed all about the place of sepulture, until it seemed a wilderness of flowers.

All this was the loving work of teachers and pupils, who sought some adequate expression for the sorrowful affection that filled their hearts.

The beautiful casket was silently lowered into its flower-decked resting-place. A touching burial service was conducted by Rev. Mr. Tabor. The soft, peace-breathing strains of "Nearer my God to Thee" fell upon the chastened air of evening. The mourning friends, teachers and pupils filed tearfully by, throwing choice flowers into the grave as they passed. And so ended the last beautiful service to the dear departed. Nothing could have been more in keeping with the quiet, unostentatious, retiring spirit of the man. Could he have spoken, there is no doubt but he would have wished to be laid to rest in such an hour, in such an atmosphere, amid such surroundings, with the friends and scenes he loved so well. The beauty, fragrance, and repose were fit emblems of the Land Immortal to which he has gone—the land of everlasting rest, where tireless daytime needs no night.

And so the devoted husband, the royal-hearted friend, the faithful teacher, the wise counsellor, the patriotic citizen, the devout disciple, the true man, the world's benefactor is no more with us. He heard the welcoming summons "Come up higher," and with glad and ready obedience he went home. Always ready to endure the cross, he was also ready to receive the crown. He has left to the world, not only an educational monument, that shall prove a lasting benediction, but also the richest bequest which a man can leave

to coming generations—a shining, spotless example. His great aim was to teach his pupils the art of living nobly, of laying the foundations of substantial character. Who shall estimate the value of a life like this? DR. MILLS has but just begun to live. For

“When a true teacher dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.”

A sacred trust has been confided to the people of the Pacific Coast in this gift of Mills Seminary. May they be faithful to the trust! May generous hearts endow it liberally, so that its educational advantages may be enjoyed by the daughters of the worthy poor, as well as the rich; and until it realizes the high ideal of its noble founders, and takes its place at the very forefront of the educational institutions of the land. In no better way could a grateful people testify their appreciation of the noble dead.

From all over the country are coming messages and letters of tender sympathy, dictated by those whom his love and care have blest. May the bereaved one who receives them—his faithful and devoted life-companion and helper—long be spared to perfect the plans which they had mutually formed for the further advancement of the work to which their lives have been consecrated. Their work has only just begun. Such lives and such deeds are never understood until they are finished. Like Oriental languages, to be rightly interpreted, they must be read backwards. The influence of the great and good is never so potent

as when they are gone. Their works do follow them. Blessed, thrice blessed are those who have lived to serve their Master, and to bless mankind! Generations yet unborn shall lay fresh tributes upon their tomb, and thank God that they have lived.

MRS. SARAH B. COOPER.

In "THE OCCIDENT."



Funeral Addresses.



Funeral Addresses.

ADDRESS BY REV. R. L. TABOR.

“God is good.” This is the song that faith sings under every circumstance; on wave-crest of prosperity, or down in the trough of the wave, with all the billows and mighty waters threatening to overwhelm; in May’s sunshine or in December’s storm; in hearts-ease or heart-ache; at the wedding or the weeping; in fellowships or in solitude; with much or with little,—everywhere—always running on,—this sweet sub-vital stream of holy trust, murmuring its confidence at life’s every turn that “God is good.”

“God is good.” There’s always on this earth, take it all round, more sunshine than cloud, no matter how heavy skies hang over us; more light than shadow; over half the globe is perpetually in daylight—always, in every night, more stars shining than obscured. There’s ever more growing than decaying; more births than deaths; more mortals enjoying the vigor of years under forty than those beyond the age; more pleasures than pain; more privileges than deprivations. So it is written everywhere in brightest lines of light, that “God is good.”

Each succeeding age of the world’s progress God’s goodness shines out more effulgently, and a more regenerated world looks up to the Father of all, in rapturous consciousness, crying: “Thou hast kept the *good wine* until *now*.” There’s hope for the world in the goodness of our God. This is His world; He is marking out the channels where history shall take its course, and leading humanity with a shepherd’s tenderness to greener pastures and stiller waters.

“God is good”; every good gift and every perfect gift cometh down from Him—“Him from whom all blessings flow.” “The earth is full of

the goodness of the Lord." In adaptation of numberless creatures to their habitations; in mountain forests, sounding the diapason of the storm; in grassy hills, where cattle seek their food in meek content; in meadow-grain that bows its head in ripe humility; in streams that hold green pasture secrets; in ocean pathways for the fleets of commerce—everywhere we hear the earthly echoes of the veritable music of the spheres, this song of trust, that "God is good." "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men."

It is the *goodness* of God that is leading a lost world to bow in penitential tears before its reconciled Lord—His goodness in giving His Only-begotten to die upon the cross that life and immortality might be brought to light, and heaven's locked gate opened by the key of sacrifice.

God's goodness moved the pens which wrote the sacred page with promises, and covenants, and consolations, and inspiring counsels, and vital truths that set men free. God's wise, unerring goodness hath pulled aside the veil of the eternal world just far enough to awaken the soul's ardent longings, and assure us of the certainty of eternal blessedness, until it is impossible for us to put ourselves under impulse from the revelation, without feeling that the *best* is yet to come, and God's goodness never ends.

Lift prayer against impending disasters, yet faith feels sure

"'Tis goodness still
That grants it or denies."

The goal is bliss, whatever may lead to it; though it be through great tribulation, is God's way paved with "love divine, all love excelling."

What blessed faith it is that teaches us in deepest troubles to say, "He hath done all things well"—not "*some* things," not "*many* things," not *most* things," but "*all* things, well."

Could we at this moment get the St. Stephen's vision of "heavens opened," how marvelously wide would seem the contrast of here and there; sorrow here, pleasures evermore up where our beloved has gone; tears here, there all tears wiped away; here a body worn out in toil for others' good fallen asleep in Jesus, there a glorified one entered upon eternity's youth and never wearying strength; here the black drape-

eries of mourning, there the white robe of heaven's transfiguration glories ; here the cup of bitterness, there the communion in new wine of the joys of his kingdom ; here, for the living, more night, and temptation, and conflict, there no more night, temptations all ended, victory forever achieved ; here the cross, there the crown ; the good fight of faith here, yonder the glorious reward ; this the inevitable, that the ineffable ; here the root growing in darkness, yonder the flower blooming in light—but be persuaded that God is as good in this as in that ; good now, and to us, as he is in heaven good to our beloved and our redeemed. For this scene of sorrow is temporal, and passes away ; but that triumphant ideal life in heaven is eternal, and the “well done” of the Master echoes on forevermore. God's hand is leading us through these darkened rooms of earthly trouble out into eternal light ; soon this will be done and that begun ; soon the querulous, dissonant prelude be resolved into the magnificent major symphonies of the new song ; another wavering, trembling earth-voice coming clear and full into the choral of the hundred and forty and four thousand of the glorified before the throne of God. In the backward look from heaven, how small these earth-clouds will appear—storms only sent in a Father's love to speed us more swiftly home to Him.

So the sorrowing soul cries : “I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living” ; and the trusting soul sings on, “Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.”

The life that is finished here, and begun on high, is one that ever was fully persuaded of the goodness of God, and sought, not in vain, as dew-drop flashes the sun-ray, to reflect in this world as much as might be of the divine goodness. How well his heroic life of self-sacrifice for the good of others has succeeded, you know. God chose him as one of the instruments upon whom He should lavish much of His goodness, and through whom He should in one direction show His goodness to the people of this young western commonwealth, where such a man and such a work were most imperatively needed.

DR. CYRUS TAGGART MILLS was born in Paris, New York, in 1819, and would have been sixty-five years of age May 4th. He was converted when he was nineteen, and at once consecrated himself to the ministry. He was poor, and was obliged to depend entirely upon

himself for his education both before and after he entered college. Entered Williams College imperfectly fitted ; but so closely did he apply himself, that he graduated seventh in a class of thirty-seven.

He had been looking forward with great anticipations to the fortieth reunion of his class in July, and had said : "Once more I hope to look upon Dr. Hopkins, and clasp hands with classmates : but that reunion is not to be at Williams, but in heaven.

He did missionary work in the outskirts of Williamstown with Prof. Hopkins, but devoted himself in heart to the foreign field, and with a returned missionary studied Tamil, the language of Southern India. At his graduation from Williams, he entered Union Theological Seminary in New York, teaching in the city several hours a day to pay his expenses. Out of his class of thirty-seven in the Theological Seminary, nine devoted themselves to missionary work ; thus was the character of the class indicated. He was married in 1848 to one who had been for six years associated with Mary Lyon of Mount Holyoke as pupil and teacher. They sailed from Boston for Ceylon under the care of the A. B. C. F. M., in October, 1848. Here DR. MILLS was soon put in charge of Batticotta Seminary, founded by Dr. Poor, where one hundred young men were being trained as preachers and teachers. At the end of six years, over-work in that hot climate had so seriously impaired the health of both DR. and MRS. MILLS that they were obliged to return to America ; hoping, however, to return to their field of labor within two years, but were obliged to relinquish this cherished hope, as physicians forbade their return to India. From seeds of disease thus sown in his system he has been an uncomplaining sufferer all his life. To a friend he remarked a few days before his death, that for thirty years he had not been free from pain ; and when the friend replied, "Yet you never complain," he answered : "Why should I trouble others with it." When decided that his chosen work must be given up, he labored for four years in pastoral work and service for the Board in America ; but was obliged to stop from church and all public work, and for two years was in business. At the expiration of that time, improved somewhat in health, he was urged by the Mission Board to assume the Presidency of Oahu College, in the Sandwich Islands. There the same financial ability which has remarkably characterized his later life was so perseveringly exerted, that at the expiration of four years the college which had been

a dependent of the American Board was self-supporting, and has remained so ever since. The tidings of his death will bring great sorrow to multitudes of his former pupils in the Islands. His labor was unremitting. Again, a change to a less debilitating climate became necessary, and California seemed the best suited to his needs ; and for twenty years California has been his field of labor. Still unable to preach, he was urged by Miss Atkins, of Benicia, to purchase her well-known institution, which she was about leaving. This he did, and there remained for seven years, until the school outgrowing their accommodations and desiring to establish on a permanent basis a Seminary on this coast for young women, they sought a location better adapted to their purpose. Some time before, however, DR. MILLS had purchased the present beautiful site, and here he built after his own plans, and removed his school from Benicia ; and here his nearly thirteen years of labor speak for themselves.

At the time the decision was made to take up this more laborious work here, DR. MILLS had been successful in business operations outside of the school at Benicia ; and with a competency for life, DR. and MRS. MILLS could then have rested from arduous labor. Had DR. MILLS given himself to business, only those who know his real business habits and abilities can well understand that this heavy work here has not been carried forward except at pecuniary loss, and that he might have been what men in California call rich, had that been his aim.

When considering the question of building here, and assuming all that must come with it of toil and care, he said to Mrs. Mills : " We can rest now, and let others do this work for California ; but I am sure we did not consecrate ourselves to rest when we gave ourselves to Christ and this missionary work, and we will work while we can, and rest in heaven." Those who best know the work accomplished here can but feel that the rest of heaven must be sweet to the patient toiler for others' good. Nor has his work been here alone. He took in the wide world in his sympathies ; the Foreign Missionary work lay very near to his heart ; the home field, too. In California he has helped to build three churches, while in part he has aided more than one hundred of his pupils in their education.

Remembering his own days of struggle for an education, he has aided several young men here and in Eastern colleges. His last gift,

only a few days before his death, was fifty dollars to one who is in an Eastern college at his suggestion, and by his aid. His last letter dictated was in regard to a donation of land for a young church in Pomona.

The beauty of the place is owing to his own exquisite taste, as the abundance of choice shrubs and flowers of which he was so fond bears ample testimony. More than fifty thousand trees have been set out under his direction, and but a few days before his death he gave directions for the setting out of still more upon a new piece of land which he, not long before, had deeded to the Trustees of the Seminary. What more fitting than that he should be laid to rest in the spot his love and care has made so beautiful. That he should rest here is the wish of the Trustees, teachers, and other friends. The spot selected is the one upon which he had said he might sometime build a quiet home, when he and Mrs. Mills were through with school work, and had time for rest, and where they could still do for the child of their love.

The story of such a life as his can never be finished in earthly language. Results are cumulative; all that is seen is but the first ripple where the angel touched the waters. Rich rewards are these. Two hundred and eighty-four cultured daughters of this *Alma Mater*, from the veritable four quarters of the earth, would deem it honor to be permitted to lay flowers upon his grave to-day; but in years to come, when all this sad present becomes a holy heritage, a sacred, inspiring memory, the stones that he has toiled to lay will be seen in fairer colors, and his work be esteemed more nearly at its real worth, and countless generations of cultured young women—home-makers, happiness-builders—going hence with the touch of God's great grace upon them, shall bless the work and memory of this sainted pioneer in Christian education on this coast, and still repeat his song of trust that "God is good—God is good."

ADDRESS BY REV. J. H. WYTHER, D. D.

When I was requested to speak a few words during these memorial services respecting our deceased friend, I doubted whether I could sufficiently control my personal sympathy, and I knew that the brevity which is necessary would be insufficient to allow me to say all that I could desire. Yet I would not refuse to lay my wreath of affection upon his casket, although the flowers be hastily culled and but partially arranged.

During the past five or six years I have had frequent opportunities of familiar intercourse with DR. MILLS, as a Trustee, as his medical adviser, and as a personal friend. Day by day his character has grown in my estimation, and its harmonious proportions have become more and more evident.

The grandest works of nature or art do not at first impress an observer with a true sense of their real greatness. It is only after repeated views, and by comparison with other things, that the cataract of Niagara, or the cliffs of Yosemite, or the sublimest works of art can be properly appreciated. It is so, also, with the human mind and character. The truest and most permanent splendor is the least meteoric.

DR. MILLS was constitutionally sensitive, shy, and reticent. A casual acquaintance would not indicate what a bubbling wellspring of gentle, pleasant humor dwelt within. His intellect was well trained by scholastic studies, and was of that masculine strength which delighted in mathematical and metaphysical themes. He was well abreast of the times in natural science, and readily detected the logical weakness and evil tendencies of those speculations which pretend to be scientific without having a foundation in real knowledge. He had an intuitive knowledge of men, which was improved and strengthened by years of close observation and experience. This was the basis of those rare business qualities which made him financially successful in most of his undertakings. His success was that of plan and labor, not of mere chance and speculation. His keen eye and sound judgment prompted him how and when to act. Few men had more capacity of this sort.

He was a truly Christian man. He had not only theological knowledge, but, what was better, the experience of divine grace. Religion to him was more than a creed; it was an influence in all his daily life. His natural reticence prevented him from being very demonstrative in his profession, but his thoroughness of application anchored him to the rock. His was no doubting, vacillating faith, for he knew in whom he believed.

His wealth of native and acquired endowments he laid upon the altar of Christian education. As a Christian minister and teacher, he was permitted not only to sow the good seed, but also to reap an abundant harvest. In Ceylon, in the Sandwich Islands, and in California he was uniformly successful, and his works will follow him for many generations to come.

His unselfish generosity scarcely needs to be referred to in this presence. The establishment of this beautiful home for the Christian education of the daughters of California is a public proof of the ardor of his devotion to the cause he loved so well.

For some years our brother has had but feeble bodily health. How he could accomplish so much with so little physical strength, has seemed a mystery to many of his friends. A few months ago it became evident that his health was greatly impaired, but as he partially recovered, he spent a little time in Southern California. After his return his failing vitality was indicated by a carious condition of the elbow joint. His physicians called Prof. Douglass in consultation, and it was decided unless healthy reaction soon appeared, amputation would be required; and that would be but a forlorn hope, as it was feared pyæmia had already begun. All was done that human aid could afford; but our worst fears were realized, and the final stage was very short.

He was providentially withheld from the intense suffering attendant upon such a disease in a robust person, and was conscious to the last. As I had often spoken with him of his inner life and experience, on the morning before his death I referred to it again. He said to me: "The principal thought in my mind is, I am clinging to the cross." A little while after he said: "I have been thinking of what one once said, 'I am too feeble to think, but I am not too feeble to trust.'" I replied: "That is the very essence of faith, and ought to bring peace, since the Psalmist says 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect

peace whose mind is stayed on thee.'” He answered : “Yes, and I have peace ; perfect peace.” An hour after he said : “I should like to have lived a little longer, to have finished some plans for the Seminary, but God knows best.” This was the frame of mind in which he passed away. A few minutes before the last, Mrs. Mills said to him : “You know in whom you have trusted.” “Yes, yes.” A little later she asked “Is it all right with you?” He replied : “Yes, it is all right.”

In the presence of such a Christian character, and such a death, what can we say more? “He, being dead, yet speaketh.” “Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.”

To the pupils of this Seminary his example should be a constant inspiration. My dear young friends, learn from your beloved teacher's career how much better it is to be, than merely seem to be. Learn, also, the value of a true Christian faith. While you get knowledge and culture, get also a spiritual experience of divine grace. DR. MILLS was one of those rare men who have made the cause of Christian education illustrious ; but his child-like, simple faith in Jesus was the most illustrious thing in his character.

These teachers and this Board of Trustees will miss the genial smile, the wisdom, and foresight of our departed friend, and will need increased efforts to maintain the work so nobly begun. May we not pray that a portion of his spirit may rest upon each of us ; and shall we not seek strength for our work where our brother sought and found it?

To the life-long companion and fellow-worker of our deceased brother, I can only trust myself to say that all here present, and hundreds of others, sincerely pray that the Lord will deal very tenderly with her, even in her bereavement. As the earthly prop is removed, may she feel that everlasting arms are under and round about her ; and may she be spared for many a year to reap the reward of her labor !

We take the mortal remains of our brother to rest in these beautiful grounds which he has adorned with such skillful taste. Amid beautiful flowers and trees, whose springing life is a mute prophecy of the future resurrection, we will lay him down, trusting in Him who has said “I am the resurrection and the life.” For “so He giveth his beloved sleep.”



Resolutions of Respect.



Resolutions of Respect.

TRUSTEES OF MILLS SEMINARY.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Board of Trustees of Mills Seminary on the occasion of the death of REV. C. T. MILLS, D. D.:

The Board of Trustees of Mills Seminary deem it proper on the present occasion to present to the public a summary of the noble benefactions of our deceased friend, REV. DR. MILLS, respecting this Institution of Christian education.

In 1871, DR. and MRS. MILLS, well known as educators of large experience, were induced to remove to the present location in Alameda County. About \$30,000 were contributed by friends of the enterprise, independently of the church building. To this, through the business ability and enterprise of the REV. DR. MILLS, additions have been made of buildings and improvements, until, in the estimation of competent judges, the property has increased to the value of \$275,000.

All this, with noble devotion to his life-work, and with unselfish generosity, DR. MILLS has conveyed to the Board of Trustees for the permanent establishment of the Institution, and has made ample provision for the liquidation of its debt.

Such illustrious benefaction is both rare and praiseworthy, and the Board of Trustees have unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

First—That in the death of REV. C. T. MILLS, D. D., the cause of Christian education has lost a generous benefactor and friend.

Second—That the Trustees of Mills Seminary realize that an irreparable loss has occurred to the Institution in the removal of our fellow-laborer.

Third—That we record our appreciation of the true Christian character and manliness of our deceased friend. Associated with him in our official relations, we bear testimony to the wisdom of his counsels, the soundness of his judgment, his financial skill, his clear foresight, his genial manners, his earnest purpose, and his transparent rectitude.

Fourth—That we realize our sense of increased responsibility under the present bereavement, and pray for divine guidance in the conduct of this Institution, so as to perpetuate its facilities according to the spirit of its now sainted founder.

Fifth—That we express to Mrs. Mills, the bereaved fellow-laborer of the deceased, upon whom now chiefly rests the conduct of the Seminary, our sincere condolence; and pray that her life and health may be spared for many years, that she may see large results of good from her unselfish labors and example.

Sixth—That the affairs of Mills Seminary College continue hereafter under the direction of Mrs. Mills, as heretofore under the direction of DR. and MRS. MILLS.

Seventh—That a copy of this preamble and resolutions be officially communicated to Mrs. Mills, and be furnished to the Press.

Signed: Rev. I. E. Dwinell, D. D., Sacramento; Hon. A. J. Bryant, San Francisco; Hon. E. D. Sawyer, San Francisco; Rev. T. K. Noble, San Francisco; Robert Simson, Esq., Seminary Park; David Hewes, Esq., Oakland; James P. Pierce, Esq., Santa Clara; Rev. J. H. Wythe, Oakland; Hon. M. H. Myrick, San Francisco; Rev. R. L. Tabor, Alameda; Rev. C. D. Barrows, D. D., San Francisco; Rev. E. S. Beckwith, D. D., San Francisco; L. H. Briggs, Esq., Oakland; Rev. F. A. Horton, D. D., Oakland.

PRESBYTERY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

The Presbytery of San Francisco of which Dr. Mills was an honored member passed the following resolutions:

Whereas, it hath pleased Almighty God to receive to Himself the spirit of our honored and beloved brother, REV. C. T. MILLS, D. D.,

and, whereas, it hath pleased Him to grant his servant a long and useful life in the active work of the ministry, in both the home and mission fields of his glorious church, and an honored career in the grand work of woman's education:

And, whereas, the Presbytery has been favored with his immediate presence among us, and the immediate fruits of his later educational labors, especially in his great gifts to the churches of the Seminary, which he has been enabled to make so fine a success and so great a factor in the culture of our homes and coast:

Be it therefore resolved, by the Presbytery of San Francisco in stated meeting assembled, that we render profound gratitude to Him who wrought for and in our brother beloved the great redemption, and prepared him for the glory into which he has now been uplifted, rejoicing in the certainty of his great honors.

Resolved, that we cherish his example, revere his virtues, and praise the work he was enabled to do.

Resolved, that we mourn for the School at whose head he stood the loss of its faithful, capable, and beloved president, praying that his life and death may lead to a deep consecration of their lives to the dear Christ and his service; and that we rejoice to believe that the God of all gracious gifts will give to our afflicted sister, Mrs. Mills, wisdom and strength to lead the Seminary to yet higher successes through the years to come.

Resolved, that this Presbytery and its churches will endeavor to be helpful to her, in sympathy and in every way of practical aid in the great responsibility which is now more than ever devolved upon her.

Resolved, that we most tenderly and affectionately sympathize with her whose heart is most bowed down by the sorrows of this hour, and do pray God to have her in His most holy keeping, here and afterward, that these two, so long united in life, and now separated by death, may be together—"forever with the Lord."

F. E. SHEARER, *Secretary.*



Extracts from Letters.



Extracts from Letters.

From hundreds of letters received from all parts of the country, the following extracts are made, as typical of the universal sympathy, esteem, and love expressed in all.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,

SAN JOSE, CAL., April 24, 1884.

MRS. C. T. MILLS, *Dear Madam :*

I am requested by the Faculty of the Normal School to convey to you their sympathy and profound regret in view of the great bereavement which has befallen yourself and your school. We feel that the cause of education and Christian evangelization has suffered a heavy loss in the death of REV. C. T. MILLS.

I am,

Yours very truly,

H. B. NORTON, *Acting Principal.*

FROM REV. JAMES EELLS, D. D.

LANE SEMINARY, CINCINNATI, OHIO

The sad tidings came without herald, for I had not even known that DR. MILLS was out of health, except that he had not been really well for some time past; and the surprise added to the sorrow that would have attended the news of his death in any circumstances. Yet how does the quiet beauty of his life throw cheer around the final scene, and how does our implicit confidence in his piety arch the bow

of hope over his grave, on which is written the promise of Him to whom he committed his spirit?

I do not think of death as I did in my earlier years, nor does heaven seem so far away as it once did. I have seen so many loved ones pass behind the veil, that it seems to be a veil only ; and I am so sure that they were prepared for the better home, that it seems no longer a myth and land of mystery, but a real place into which they have been gathered, and where I shall see them soon, if God wills. The worlds are very near together ; and perhaps those now in the brighter world have more to do with us here than we think. Some spirits come back at times to minister to and help us. Why not those who would most delight in such errands to those they love?

I think often of the life-work of yourself and husband as a kind of unit ; and of its consummation in what will be left behind you to do good, long after you are both gone. He has not lost his interest in that work simply because he is no longer in the body, but it may be that in unseen ways he may now be able to do for the result what was impossible while in the body. At any rate, his sympathy and pleasure in so grand a service of his Lord and of his fellows are no doubt greater, far, than when you conferred together in the flesh. You will greatly miss him in many ways ; but you will not be widely separated in purpose and aim even while you remain ; and it will not be long before your conferences together will be concerning results, rather than plans.

May the Lord comfort you, and sustain you, as I know He will. For your husband, none of us can mourn. May the blessings possible from his death abound to all who knew and loved him !

FROM REV. GEORGE MOOAR, D. D.

OAKLAND, CAL.

The men of college days whom he admired are my admiration also. The principles in philosophy and faith which wrought within him, in the strength of which he lived, and in the repose of which he has finished his course, were the same that I drank in among the Williamstown mountains. In the wonderful way his Father led him, and the

marked success He was pleased to give to his plans, I have rejoiced. Few men are able to leave behind so clear a monument of devotion and wisdom. In the loss which you must feel there are yet rare memories and satisfactions which few are privileged to possess. I think how many tributes of gratitude and admiration will have come and will be coming to you from so wide a circle in many lands. Death, in his case, after all, seems not to be death. It must be that you will be more uplifted than depressed by this "going home."

It has been a somewhat cherished thought that I may be able to be at Williams at the approaching commencement. If so, it may fall to me to pay some slight tribute at the Alumni meeting, to one whom his Alma Mater will be sure to honor.

FROM REV. A. L. STONE, D. D.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The hearts of all in our household circle are wounded and saddened by the tidings of your great and sudden bereavement, and the departure of our beloved friend from these scenes of earthly fellowship. Ah, how deep must be your sense of loneliness, in the absence of one so near and dear! No tenderness of human sympathy can fill that vacant place. We may, and we do, weep with you, but we can do nothing to repair your loss.

And yet, we would suggest to you how many hearts, in how many homes, will throb with a great sorrow over the removal of one associated so closely and tenderly with so many happy and profitable hours of the past. Ah, he lives still in the life and character, in the happiness and usefulness, as well as in the grateful recollections of those with whose culture and training in their intellectual and spiritual growth he has been so fruitfully and efficiently connected. Such a life cannot become extinct on the earth. It is a fountain, whose vital streams flow on, and will flow continuously down the veins of present and coming generations. Let this conviction, even in the freshness of your grief, come to occupy and to cheer your wounded heart.

And, oh, do not fail to remember what a new and marvelous tie

there is in this peculiar sorrow between yourself and the Life divine. That Supreme One, whose name is Love, is the *Husband* and Judge of the Widow. This is no empty figure of speech. It is a great and blessed reality. It is for you a new bridal of highest privilege and holiest joy. Lay your head on that sustaining bosom! Let those everlasting arms enfold and embrace you! Look up into those pitying eyes! Let those gracious lips whisper peace, and bid you tell all your grief and all your wants to that unwearied Comforter and bountiful Provider!

Forgive me for coming in upon your desolation and mourning with these words of mine; and accept from us all, in this home circle, the assurance of our tenderest love and sympathy, and our earnest intercession heavenward in your behalf.

FROM REV. HENRY M. SCUDDER, D. D.

CHICAGO, ILL.

We have just heard of the death of your dear husband. One after another all are going. I loved and honored him, and feel the loss in his departure. May God, in the fullness of his grace, comfort you. DR. MILLS has left a good name. I know few who have been as useful as he, and all who knew him will, like me, grieve that he has gone. He ever seemed to me a Christ-like man, and I am glad that I enjoyed his acquaintance and fellowship.

Our hearts are with you in this deep sorrow.

FROM D. L. BOARDMAN, ESQ.,

CLASS SECRETARY.

TROY, N. Y.

I have been so unwilling to credit the report of the death of my old classmate, DR. MILLS, that I can hardly forgive myself for delaying so long an expression of our sympathy with you in your bereavement. Even yet, I find myself hoping that there is some mistake

in the news which the wires have brought, and eagerly looking to see if confirmed.

He was very dear to his class, and there were many of us who loved him for his consistent Christian character and life-long devotion to his Master's work, and the prospect of meeting him at our class meeting on 1st of July had given us a great deal of pleasure. I had mentioned it in so many letters after I had received his assurance to me, "I shall be very much disappointed if I am not able to meet you all again," that now my heart almost fails me as I am compelled to write that he has been called to the home towards which, with his thoughts and his heart, he has bent his whole energies for so many years. I have thought of his happy re-union with other noble classmates whom he loved—Ford, Silcox, Pixley, etc. To me, as I look at his life, there were two great epochs, embraced in the words missionary, public benefactor. His epitaph would be complete with them.

He was our presiding officer, and, as Dr. Hawkes wrote me a few days since, his death just at this period of joyful anticipations will make us all sad and mournful.

It is a very strange providence, which has thus unexpectedly thwarted all his and our plans, and has made sincere mourners on each side of the mountains; but we should rejoice rather than weep, his work was so well done.

I pray, my dear Madam, that you may have grace given you to sustain you, and strength from above to continue the noble work which you both inaugurated so successfully.

FROM REV. D. W. POOR, D. D.,

SECRETARY PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF EDUCATION.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

We were all sadly surprised and shocked to read in the *Evangelist* of last week, through Dr. Field's letter, an account of the death of your dear husband and of the manner of it. Since then a letter from Kate Stone to Annie gave us fuller particulars both of it and

of the large gathering at the funeral, and the great mourning of old friends and pupils over their great loss. How painful the bereavement for you we can somewhat imagine, and we deeply sympathize with you in it. DR. MILLS was a quiet, noiseless man, but there was in him a mighty power for planning and achieving great things such as is possessed by very few in this world. He lived to purpose, and has left behind him a monument of labor which will last. It is a matter for congratulation that he lived long enough to see it completed, and have so many continually gathering around him to call him blessed. I, too, am among his debtors, and I wish I could have borne some testimony to my many obligations as my tribute to his memory. And now I feel not a little compunction, that I did not more fully testify of it while he was alive. All I can do is to avow to you my gratitude for what he did for me and mine. When I visit California, I shall miss the familiar form of DR. MILLS. How far back the recollections of him and you go, and how many changes since those first interviews in Newark and New York! Gone, gone, the Spauldings, and the Harringtons, and the Winslows, and the Doremuses, and how many more! And I must be going before long. I am already older than father was when he left. Wish that I were as ready to say "Joy, joy, joy," as he was.

I am writing at the office in the midst of much business. Otherwise I would have messages from wife and children.

FROM HON. WM. HYDE.

WARE, MASS.

When the news came on the Sabbath that your husband had gone to his heavenly rest, we could joy for him while feeling that a heavy burden had fallen upon you. The Lord comfort you, and give you every needful grace, and give you strength to carry the load of care and responsibility that now falls upon you. The news of DR. MILLS' death came before our evening service, and Dr. Perkins gave notice of it before the prayer, in which you were earnestly commended to the God of all grace. * * Your husband has left a noble record, and his work remains and will go on now he is gone. With such

a slender physique it is wonderful how much he has accomplished. His work was done, and he was worn out in the service of the Master, and has gone to receive his crown.

I have seen much of your School, and have never seen one more thoroughly Christian in its influence, though Jews, Gentiles and Catholics were among the pupils.

The Lord give you grace to do his will. May He guide you, and send just the help you need to carry on his work. We are all in sound health, and our hearts full of sympathy for you.

FROM REV. T. H. HAWKS, D. D.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

I have read, with great sorrow, a brief telegraphic statement of the particulars of DR. MILLS' death. At any time the tidings would have been most painful : but just now, when we are looking forward to our Class reunion, at which I have hoped to see again my cherished and honored friend, they have caused peculiar grief. We shall meet under the pressure of a great bereavement.

DR. MILLS was dear to us all, and was held in highest esteem for his virtues and good deeds. While we were in College, he commanded the regard and confidence of all who knew him by his scholarship, courtesy, sweet charity, and high Christian manhood. And since we left College, we have watched his course with admiration of his self-sacrificing spirit ; the success of his plans and labors, and the large benevolence that moved him to devote his wealth and the Institute that bears his name to Christ, and the Christian education of young women on the Pacific coast. Permit me to say here, as I have often said to friends, that no one of our Class seems to me to have done so noble a work in life as your husband. And I do not doubt that he was removed while executing plans for other benefactions, and a larger usefulness.

But if *we* mourn his removal from earth, how deep must be *your* sorrow ! Accept, I pray you, the assurance of my profound sympathy. In this time of bereavement and sorrow, may the grace of God be exceeding abundant, and you be comforted and strengthened.

I do not need to speak of the sources of consolation and hope which the Christian religion furnishes, for you know them. And I am sure that you accept with sweet submission what God, who knows when his children should be called home, has been pleased to lay upon you.

Once more permit me to express my warmest sympathy.

FROM REV. L. H. HALLECK.

PORTLAND, ME.

The tidings has just reached us that our dear friend and benefactor has been called up higher. We cannot realize that he has already gone from his most important work unto his well-earned rest. How glad the meetings there must be, as he joins the increasing circle of old friends and new whom his life of active benevolence had multiplied to so unusual an extent.

"My particular friend"—about the very first that I recall outside my own family—whom I loved as a mere child;—he proved an unfailing friend in later years, when tokens of his love were something more than gentle words and smiles. I do not forget them all; and his memory will always be associated in my mind, as in the minds of very many, with a deep sense of gratitude for his manifold and undeserved kindnesses.

I hope we may hear more fully regarding the circumstances of his home-going in due time.

Meanwhile, be assured of our sincerest sympathy, as we take our place alongside, true mourners all, pained at our great loss, comforted by thoughts of his great "gain."

FROM SAMUEL M. DAMON, ESQ.

HONOLULU.

How I wish that on this bright Sabbath morning the pleasure could be afforded us of seeing you, and giving you our heartfelt sym-

pathy over your loss and ours. You have lost a dear husband, and we have parted with a real friend, and one whom we have learned to love from his own innate goodness ; and especially is he endeared to our family for the love he always manifested for Eddie and May.

Personally, I shall cherish his memory for the good advice he gave me, and so quietly that it was never taken at the time in the light of advice but of a friendly conversation.

The last meeting we had together was on a walk one afternoon on the hill that faces the Seminary, where, seated under the trees, he talked of his Pomona plans, and then of the needs of the Seminary, and especially his desire for means to do still greater things for the Institution.

He had a remarkably clear head for business, and if his life had been that of a merchant or banker, he would have certainly taken the lead among the men of wealth ; but he has left a beautiful monument to complete his life, and we feel very thankful that his life has been spared to that point when he could, with mortal eyes, see his cherished plans so nearly completed.

It may seem like an oft-repeated request, but it is none the less the wish of each member of this family, that when you can be spared, we shall feel it a privilege that you come to us, and make our home your own.

FROM REV. C. M. HYDE, D. D.

HONOLULU.

The *Gazette* to-day gives us the news of DR. MILLS' death. It comes with a shock to me, for I have heard of no illness that foreboded a fatal termination. We were hoping to see you both here again, to rejoice with us over the improvements at Punahou. But DR. MILLS is rejoicing in something higher than these changes of earth, which we vaunt so highly as marks of *progress*. One view of Jesus as He is, one glimpse of heaven, would eclipse all earth's highest glories. What he now enjoys we cannot conceive, but we can believe his nature, heart, and soul, his whole capacity for the life above, fitted for fullest fruition. What he longed for here served as a foretaste for the heavenly blessedness, for what he loved to admire and

enjoy here was of a kind with that prepared for Christ's redeemed people in the glory that is to come. How blessed that he could round out his life-plan to such fullness of completion, and leave such an enduring life-work as the Seminary, and its assured prospects as an institution for the higher education of woman, so long as woman may need, or man can give the facilities for it. How much you will miss him in your planning and counselling for the future of the Seminary. *Aloha ino i keia hoahana!*

Mrs. Hyde joins me in assurances of our sympathy with you in this time of bereavement, and the hope that it will not prove a burden beyond your strength to bear.

FROM REV. HENRY M. FIELD, D. D.

OFFICE OF THE

NEW YORK EVANGELIST, NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

I have read this morning the touching memorial of your husband in the *Occident*. How blessed is the memory of the righteous! What a benediction the life of DR. MILLS has been, and *still is*, to all who bear his name.

It was very pleasant to us to meet you and Mrs. Cooper together. May our Heavenly Father keep and bless you *both*, and preserve you for many years of usefulness and happiness before you go to join those who have gone before.

Yours in tender sympathy.

TRIBUTES FROM TEACHERS, PUPILS, AND
OTHER FRIENDS.

EAST OAKLAND, CAL.

We feel in such a time of trouble as this through which you are passing, that our poor words of sympathy are so feeble, and that all human strength is but weakness. We can only look up to Him "who

hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows," humbly praying that in Christ you may find refuge and consolation, and that the Holy Spirit may ever abide with and comfort you.

We sadly realize that in the death of DR. MILLS another true friend has departed—one whose integrity, generosity, and kindness will always be remembered with gratitude.

"Behold, the house
Is dark, but there is brightness where the sons
Of God are singing: and behold, the heart
Is troubled, yet the nations walk in white;
They have forgotten how to weep: and thou
Shalt also come, and I will foster thee
And satisfy thy soul; and thou shalt warm
Thy trembling life beneath the smile of God.
A little while—it is a little while—
A little while, and I will comfort thee;
I go away, but I will come again."

SAN JOSE, CAL.

How shall we express to you our deep sympathy in your overwhelming sorrow, the news of which reached us last evening?

May our Father comfort you as He only can, in your great loss; a loss shared by a multitude to whom the life of your dear husband has been so rich a blessing.

The blessed assurance of his glorious rest and reward, and the fruitage which such a finished life leaves to you, and to other generations, must be in part your solace.

May the blessing of God be with you and your noble Institution, in this time of bereavement and darkness.

GRASS VALLEY, CAL.

Words fail me when I attempt to give expression to the feelings which have crowded upon me since the sad, sad news of MR. MILLS' death reached me. Never did I appreciate so deeply the kindness which I could never forget; never did my loved Seminary home,

with which there is associated only happiness, seem more near to me than now; and it was my first impulse to go to you, as one of your grateful children, and to offer the sympathy which is so truly heart-felt, and upon which you have every claim.

Oh, if it could but be our privilege now to lift from your heart the burden of this great sorrow; but I know too well how powerless is human sympathy at such a time, and I can only unite my prayers with the many which shall commend you to God's support. May He give you strength through all these dark days of trial.

OAKLAND, CAL.

While I sorrow for MR. MILLS, the sorrow for his loss is mingled with rejoicing for the reward of heavenly rest which has come to one who lived so grandly and simply an unselfish, noble life for others; one who was so blessedly prepared to enter this rest; and the example of whose beautiful life will live on in the purpose and lives of the many he has benefited.

With him I can but feel "It is well."

But for those who are left, and most of all for you, Mrs. Mills, who, with him labored for others so many years—one in life, love, and purpose—and who, with him, have achieved such a grandeur of success, for you I lift the most earnest prayers to our Heavenly Father.

The "Peace of God" fill all your heart.

HUENEME, CAL.

What sorrow fills hundreds of hearts on this Coast! Where, before, hundreds rose up and called him blessed, and rejoiced with him in his life-work, now their heads are bowed with woe, and they beat responsive with sympathy to your sorrowing heart, so desolate in this heavy bereavement.

"The good man has perished from the earth," but leaving behind him "The Seminary" as an endearing monument, to speak to the coming generations of his beneficent purposes to provide a thorough Christian education for the daughters of this young and growing State. He coöperated with God in this benevolent enterprise, and was spared

long enough to see his fond anticipations realized, and his toils signally blessed; and now from these labors he rests, and his works do follow him. Rest, sweet, sweet rest in heaven! Oh, what a welcome from the great Captain of our salvation has greeted the faithful soldier, as the last battle has been fought, and the victory gained. "Well done, good and faithful servant"!

The crowning desire of his heart is reached in the Everlasting home, "where the tears are all wiped away; where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

The shadows that darken earth are there unknown; the strifes that agitate earth are far beneath it; the storms that desolate earth never ascend to it; there, all is bright, pure, and tranquil.

Here is the legacy which Jesus bequeaths to thee in thy loneliness: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

EAST BERKELEY, CAL.

The memory of dear MR. MILLS is so closely woven into the memory of my school-days, that I can never think of those happy years without remembering him affectionately; and I know my feeling is that of hundreds of others, in all parts of the world.

It must comfort you somewhat in your deep sorrow, to feel that many hearts are grieving with you.

HOLLISTER, CAL.

So one and another passes away, leaving a void in some hearts that cannot be filled in this life. Yet the void is more than filled, when the departed leave a monument that will speak in all coming time, and to future generations, of their interest in the intellectual and spiritual good of the youth of our land, and of the world. We love to think of the dead as yet speaking, when their voice is in harmony with the sweet and gracious utterances of our Heavenly Father. You

have stood beside your husband in those countries, among widely different nationalities, sowing the seed, the word of God in the minds and hearts of the young; a soil most susceptible to the reception of the seed, and which has, and will continue to bring forth fruit to the glory of God. Yes, my dear friend, you have much, very much, to comfort you in this hour of your great sorrow; and while the memory of the past will crowd your heart with many events and scenes that you would not "willingly let die," you have an infinitely sweeter and more glorious vision opening before you, as the eye of the soul, by faith in Jesus Christ, catches a glimpse of the veiled glories of the home of the redeemed in the city of the New Jerusalem. The Seminary, simply in itself, is a glorious monument to the memory of DR. MILLS; but when existing in the spirit of the love of Jesus Christ, bending all its energies and resources to save souls, and fit them for glory in God's kingdom above, the grandest and noblest achievements of earth are but as a taper to the brightness of the sun at noonday. May the kind, humble, and loving spirit of your husband abide with the work he was permitted to do for the girls and young ladies of California. You will find your greatest comfort, and purest joy, not in contemplating the virtues and Christian graces of your dead; not in pushing your thoughts into eternity, and dwelling upon the peaceful and beautiful home of the departed; but in striving to draw the dear ones under your charge to the cross of Christ, that their lives may be hid with Christ in God. May the good Lord be with you, and comfort you, and bless you in your affliction, that this great sorrow may work out for you a far more and exceeding weight of glory.

GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.

Outside of your own family no one more than myself appreciates the noble character, the large usefulness, and true consecration to "good works" of your husband. Few men enter upon life with such serious views of duty; fewer still with steady, persistent aim pursue such generous schemes for the well-being of society, and rarely with such disinterestedness. Most men revolve in a narrow circle, around that center which we name "self"—not so, DR. MILLS. He lived not alone for the present, but for all time; and thus his usefulness

will not end with his days. Long after you, his true help-meet, are in the dust, his work and your work will go on, each decade swelling its proportions.

Ceylon, Hawaii, California, Williams College, Mt. Holyoke, are so many altars upon which he has laid offerings of pure benevolence. In the "Last Day," how many shall rise up to call him blessed! To-day, heathen men and women, Christianized through his faithful labors—his own countrymen, to whom he has been a blessing—above all, a multitude of America's daughters—mourn for him. Their tears and prayers mingle with yours for him that has "gone home," for you who are left. We all loved him.

Last night, in a talk to our young ladies, I sketched his career. They were deeply moved, and I trust that they will never forget the lesson of his unselfish life.

I have had no particulars of his last hours, of his burial. Do not forget me in the "In Memoriams" of DR. MILLS.

The announcement of his death was a great shock to me: instead, I was anticipating a visit from him in a few weeks. We shall meet *there*—not *here*!

You have many to console your lonely hours. It is so little that I can say—*I weep with you*. God is yours, and you are not afraid.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

The news of DR. MILLS' death was very unexpected, because I had not heard of his illness. It filled me with sadness, and I feel that a great personal loss has come to me.

The four years passed under your roof were, at the time, very enjoyable, and have ever been to me pleasant in the retrospect. Amid all the recollections crowded into those years, dear DR. MILLS mingles amid them all. Are they of school life? his presence and plans prevade all; of the charming grounds? his skill and munificence has adorned and beautified all; of social and home life? his teachers ever felt his kindness and tender sympathy exerted for their pleasure and comfort; of vacation delights? many can see his hand in planning and his liberality in their execution. Yes, Mills Seminary, to the teachers now and once there, is ineffaceably associated with him

He stands out before me to-night as the good, kind, liberal Christian man that he seemed to me ten years ago.

But how must it seem to you, my dear friend? Surely we can imagine it, but you only can know and feel it, as in your loneliness you find so much gone in your life.

If it were not for God's support and the assurance that the separation is not final, your situation would be desolation indeed.

If I could come in at this quiet evening hour and sit down at your side, we would talk of the departed and mingle together our tears. Would that I might; but across the vast expanse that separates us, I send my loving sympathy. The world will move on forgetful of your loss, your sorrow, and your loneliness; but here and there, be assured, are many who will remember you prayerfully and lovingly.

The number on the other shore are greater than on this side. I am thinking of the reunion over there—as I am writing—and I say to myself, how much richer some of our lives have been because of their friendships.

HAWAIIAN LEGATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The news of your great sorrow has reached us, and I hasten to try and express the real sympathy we all feel for you now. How many years in joy and sorrow you have walked together, and how useful but quiet a life has closed. I confess that I feel a deep and real gratitude for all you have done together for me and mine, and for the great number of young people who have come under your influence beside. May "the Comforter" come and help you bear your loneliness.

Accept from us all our *aloha nui*.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

The saddest telegram I ever received in my life came to me this morning, bearing the terrible news that our beloved DR. MILLS had passed away.

Well may I weep for him, for no scholar, I am sure, ever had better reason to know of his great kindness of heart than I.

Every hour of this day some fresh expression of his kindness has risen up before me; the watch he gave me is to me sacred now; my graduating ring he bought me, and the roses I wore when I graduated he picked with his own dear hands; how I wish I could have seen him once more.

How I wish it was in my power to speak even one word that would carry comfort with it; but I can only commend you to the care of our blessed Lord and Master, who was Himself a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. May He send down upon your sorrowing heart his perfect peace.

POMONA, CAL.

The melancholy and unexpected news of your husband's death has grieved us more than we can by words express, and we beg, although comparative strangers to yourself, to tender to you our heartfelt sympathies.

Permit us to say, that in his life-time, in all of our social and business relations, we ever found in DOCTOR MILLS a kind friend, and a man whom we delighted to honor—one whose loss is deeply felt in this community by all to whom he was personally known. Again, as earnest friends, we tender our sympathies. May God comfort you!

PORTLAND, ME.

It seems as if one of my best friends had gone. Outside of our immediate family I have never had a dearer friend, or one who has done more for me, or one to whom I have been more truly grateful, or one whom I have more loved and honored, than my dear, kind, generous DR. MILLS. I-loved him very much.

You know I am not one of many words, but my heart is true. To think of the dear Seminary, one of my real homes, without DR. MILLS, I cannot!

There is not a day in the year that my thoughts do not go back to you and the Seminary, and all my happy life there; and to think of you without him. Oh, Mrs. Mills, it seems so lonely!

But he isn't so *very* far away, is he? Isn't his spirit with us? And doesn't he know all about us, just as if he were here?

And then, how happy he must be in heaven with Christ, and all his friends who have gone before. I shall look for him among the very first when I get there.

I who have seen so little trouble can say nothing which can be a comfort to you who have seen so much, except that you have, and ever will have, the deepest sympathy and warmest love of every member of our family.

Uncle Leavitt just said, "I guess father was glad to see DR. MILLS." We have no doubt of it, and to think of them in this pleasant way makes it less hard for us, and the separation not so trying.

POMONA, CAL.

No one knows how highly I appreciate the trust that DR. MILLS placed in me, when he was with us. No one can know how sorely I feel his loss. While I had a chance to know so many of his great plans, I had a chance to see how unselfish was his every action, and how wholly he had the good of this little community at heart. While the people may not notice any great change in the affairs of this Company, Pomona and we, the employees of this Company, can never replace the friend we have lost.

NAPA, CAL.

Our state, our country, has lost one of its noblest men; one who has left such a memory that ages cannot obliterate his record. As I grow older, the fact of the unlimited effect of influence is impressed more strongly upon my mind, and I know there is no one who appreciates the power more than you. Under these circumstances, what an enviable happiness must be yours in contemplation of his life. The moment is sad, but I pray you may rise to the grandeur of his career. The welfare of so many, many souls—his crown is dazzling with these jewels, and he is honored forever.

When the supreme moment is upon us it is not riches, it is not this world's glory, that counts; it is such as he had to offer which finds favor with his God.

Please accept my tender sympathy, my dear Mrs. Mills, and I beg that you will, whenever you are disposed, renew the little visit you made some time ago.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

I cannot speak fittingly of the public loss in DR. MILLS' death. Few men could be known as intimately to so great a number, because his professional and private life were inseparably connected. God gave him a mission in teaching the young women of California, and founding a Seminary destined to perpetuate his name and influence. How worthily and nobly and generously he fulfilled it will be attested by the gratitude, esteem, and sincere regret of the many, many hundreds who have been educated under his and your care and methods, according to the ideas and principles of your high standard.

Believe me, I feel for you in every pang which agonizes you, and every tear you shed.

PASADENA, CAL.

I am sure no friend can more truly and deeply share your grief. I cannot say how pained I am not to be able to go to you.

There was so much that I was coming to say to DR. MILLS and yourself. I have hoped that once more you were called to plant a noble school in the South: not to labor, but to enjoy the fruits of past labor, while seeing another child born in your age. I feel that so much is buried with your husband, besides the friend we loved, that the public loss will be felt after you are reunited. He had so much insight, and such rare ability to carry out his unselfish aims, without friction. I have felt the pangs of separation too often not to know how hard it is to be asked to live on under the double burden.

ANGEL ISLAND, CAL.

I want to thank you for your kind thought in sending me a copy of the *Occident*. Had it not been for the unpleasant weather, I should have been with you on Tuesday of last week. Noth-

ing that I can write you can, in the smallest measure, comfort you in your terrible affliction. Words are so poor at these times to express what is in one's heart. I can only assure you of a great sympathy. There are many things connected with the life and death of dear DR. MILLS which must be to you great consolation in your trial. He was so noble, so pure, so trustful, and so generous; and the one who wrote his tribute in the journal you sent to me deserves the heartfelt thanks of all who knew and loved him best. There is a world of tender pathos running through it, truly touching. To those he has left, there is the certainty that he has entered into that blessed joy which is promised to those who love Him, and his peace is that which "passeth all understanding." Commending you to Him who doeth all things well, believe me, dear Mrs. Mills, yours with love.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

After an extended absence from home, almost the first news I heard was sad news of the great and irreparable loss you had sustained, and with you each of your old pupils, in the death of our beloved Principal, DR. MILLS.

DR. MILLS' goodness and ability, and the hold he had upon the affection of all with whom he came in contact, make his loss a personal one to each of us; and I am sure that I, like all the old pupils, feel that in DR. MILLS we have lost a dear and true friend, almost a father; and that as children we mourn his loss with you, our dear friend and almost mother.

I feel that the great work which DR. MILLS and yourself have jointly brought to so happy a completion is his fitting monument; and while I feel that no words of sympathy, however sincere, can tend to soften your terrible loss, I still know that in your good work in carrying on his large and benevolent ideas you will find your greatest consolation; and that you will also appreciate the fact that every one of us is with you, heart and soul, in its perfect accomplishment. Dear Mrs. Mills, accept my profoundest sympathy and love.

POMONA, CAL.

In our Missionary Society yesterday, we were talking over the sad news that came to us from your home. The desire was expressed that we, as a Society, send you some words of sympathy in this your hour of bereavement.

I was appointed to write to you in the name of our Society, and I do so also for myself.

Nothing we can say can be of any comfort to you, for you know the only One who can give comfort at such a time. Still, you might like to know that we held in the highest esteem him whom you mourn, and deeply feel our loss.

We, as a Society, looked up to him, trusted him, and appreciated him too, if I may judge from the sentiments uniformly expressed at our meetings. We realize that we should not have a church of our denomination here, if it had not been for the encouragement and support of DR. MILLS during the first year of its existence. We shall always remember him with gratitude for the good he has done our town and church, and for the kindness he has always shown us.

May a Father's hand sustain you in your affliction, is our prayer.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

On Saturday morning last I received the postal inviting me to the Alumnae. On reading the opening lines I was made aware for the first time that I was again deprived of a dear friend. How can I tell you my sorrow for you, or how my heart goes out to you in your great bereavement. I can truly sympathize with you.

When the *Occident* you were so good to send me reached me, I felt that I had lost a second father, for DR. MILLS' last words to me, when I left my happy school home, were: "Nellie, I want you to look upon me as another father, and this as your second home"; and so I have. Dear Mrs. Mills, if I could but put my arms about your neck, and tell you how thoroughly I loved and respected him, and how my heart aches for you, I could feel better; and yet I could not give comfort or consolation; that can only come from Him at whose feet both you and DR. MILLS taught me to kneel in the full desire to live for Him.

My mother has sent me papers containing obituary notices of my more than friend. She wrote me she felt so truly sorry for you.

I can hardly see what I have written, for my eyes are full of tears, but I feel that I must write this now. It is the third time I have tried to write you.

My husband and little boy send their sympathy and love to you. God bless and comfort you, is all I can say.

WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Words are powerless to express our sorrow on the receipt of such sad tidings as came last week. Yet, though the beneficent influence of the actual presence of our revered friend may not be felt, the good he has done will live after him, and the influence of his life work will be found in many generations yet to come, for he was a true man—and what more can be said?

To me, he seemed the embodiment of patience, kindness, and gentleness; and to you, dear friend, who knew him so much better than his pupils possibly could, he must have seemed to combine all virtues. If any are to be rewarded with golden crowns and spotless raiment, then surely his crown will be filled with stars.

What a happy thought it is, that though our friends slip away before us, it is only that they may be ready to welcome us when we too reach the shining gates.

HONOLULU.

How our hearts have gone out to you these past three days in deepest sympathy for the great loss which has come to you! It has come so suddenly with you, we can hardly realize it. Can it be so, we ask ourselves again and again—dear DR. MILLS has really gone from us? To you, dearest friend, comes the greater grief—the greater loss—but to us comes a great loss, and with you we are sorrowing. It seems as if in DR. MILLS' death, death had entered our own household—had cast a gloom over each member. We all loved DR.

MILLS ; he was a kind friend, and to many of us more—a father. In thinking of him I am so beautifully reminded of the many times and ways when we have met his dear face, his kindly manner, and pleasant words—how all come back to mind ; and what a record his to leave behind—a blessed memory for our keeping. It was so kind of you, dearest friend, to write us in the midst of the first shock of keen suffering, and to send us the papers. Miss Ward, who is spending the week with us, and was anxious to learn all particulars, shared with us papers and letters, and after first tidings, which came to us by the *Dimond*, it was so gratifying to receive such full accounts. Were not love and esteem truly shown in the rare decorations of flowers so appropriate—these last gifts to honor the dead, who in life was so fond of flowers?

How I wish I was near you, dear Mrs. Mills ; could put my arms about you, and tell you of my love and sympathy. I know you have numerous friends about you, who with tender love are doing everything for your comfort, and that you have a divine power to sustain and comfort you, which is all in all : but such must be our wish, and the wish of every distant friend, to be near you at this time of your great sorrow.



Press Notices.



Press Notices.

(THE PACIFIC, SAN FRANCISCO.)

The death of CYRUS T. MILLS, Sunday morning last, removes a man who has done notable work for education in our State. He has done it so quietly, too. We are reminded of that temple in the erection of which was not heard the sound of hammer or axe. It would be difficult to name the man who had less ostentation or pretension. To meet him, passing to and fro, you would not have thought of him as great or prominent. He made no figure in conventions: his contributions to the press were few; his speeches were not many, and those he did make were brief and simple. Yet where is the man of our State who has left behind him, or seems likely to leave behind him, so substantial an educational work as he? Substantial in more than one sense; for the bare item of money invested by him in education runs up to a sum which has not yet been equalled, that we know of, by any of our millionaires. But he gave more, for he put all his life into it for these twenty years of his residence among us.

CYRUS TAGGART MILLS was born in Paris, New York, and if he had lived to the 4th of May, would have completed sixty-five years. Of his Eastern life and circumstances before entering college we are not informed. But he always deemed himself fortunate in having pursued his collegiate studies at Williams, and at the feet of Mark Hopkins, for whom he felt the warmest admiration and gratitude. That rare teacher's methods left upon DR. MILLS a deep and fruitful impress. After graduating in 1844, he pursued and completed his theological studies at Union Seminary in New York City. He was married at Ware, Mass., to Susan L. Tolman, in 1848, and in October of that year sailed for Madras as missionary of the American Board. He was stationed in Ceylon. There for five years he was Principal of the Batticotta Seminary. Broken in health he was obliged to

return to America. For some two years he made himself useful to the cause he loved by addresses to the contributing churches in various parts of our country. He was settled, also, over the church in Berkshire, N. Y., for two years. He spent two years more in business at Ware, Mass. In 1860 he became president of Oahu College, near Honolulu, succeeding the Rev. Dr. Beckwith of this city in that position. Of his efficiency in this, as well as the other occupations, doubtless others will fitly speak. The climate of the islands was not vitalizing enough for a constitution which had already been undermined in Ceylon, and he came to California. After a temporary service in the Oakland Seminary, in October, 1865, he became the successor of Miss Atkins, at Benicia, and the owner of that pioneer institution for young ladies. It was reopened under his care with thirty-eight boarding scholars, and grew steadily till it became impossible to accommodate, within those narrow limits, the young women who applied for admission. DR. MILLS meanwhile prospered financially, and had acquired the beautiful landed property in Brooklyn township which seemed so choice a site for a permanent seat of learning. With the coöperation of some energetic and liberal friends, he was enabled to erect the noble building now known as the home of the Seminary which bears his name. One hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars were invested at first in this venture. The property was in his own name, and largely, predominantly, his own creation. In 1871 the School was transferred to the new place. We need not state the familiar fact of its continued progress. During these nearly twenty years, as many as three hundred young women have received diplomas of graduation at his hands, and they can and do speak for him better than any of us. This institution, so fitly situated and so well furnished, DR. MILLS deeded to a Board of Trustees some years ago—a noble dedication in trustworthy hands. For a few years since he has conducted it in their interest, and in such a way as to free it from the \$50,000 debt which rested upon it at the time of the transfer of the property. He had in hand other plans which he deemed hopeful, by which he fondly wished to do still greater things for the purpose which has crowned his years. "Some things more I wanted to finish." But his little strength was nearly all exhausted; so when the bruised arm developed into an unhealed sore, and amputation became necessary, there was no rallying power to sustain the shock and

expel the poison. In a few hours after the skill of the surgeons had given not a little expectation of relief, he began to sink as quietly and undemonstratively away as he had quietly and undemonstratively lived. "I cannot think," he said, "but I trust." In his case, trust had been long placed in Him who is the resurrection and the life.

REV. GEORGE MOOAR, D. D.

(DAILY EVENING BULLETIN, SAN FRANCISCO.)

A few days ago the funeral of a man was attended near this city who had done more for education in California than any other individual in the history of the State. He was not a millionaire, not even a rich man as the world counts wealth. He probably never had a hundred thousand dollars at his command at any one time in his life. Yet he founded an institute of learning, gave to it the greater part of his fortune, and then put it in the hands of trustees for the benefit of the public. It is impossible to estimate the gift in dollars and cents. It is true that he asked the public to help him, and the response was, on the whole, liberal. Yet Mills Seminary was founded through the influence of one man, who gave his name to the institution. That has become his monument. When he died, he left something behind him. He unconsciously built his own monument. Money, in his view, was desirable as a means of doing good. He had good executive ability, and he turned this to account to free, as far as possible, the institution which he had founded from debt. When this man came to the State he had nearly or quite reached middle life. He had devoted the best years of his life to missionary and educational work in foreign lands. Perhaps he brought \$20,000 with him, hardly more, and this the result of a life of toil and savings in a small way. He devoted all he had for the promotion of education in this State. His small savings grew, and he was finally able to buy the site now occupied by the Seminary which he founded. He embarked to some extent in outside business, declaring always that it was for the purpose of putting the institution on a better foundation. When this man died and his will was published, it was seen that he had kept the faith. After making a moderate provision for his widow, he turned over his remaining property to the trustees of the Seminary.

CYRUS T. MILLS was in a broad sense a founder. He lived long enough to see the institution which he had founded in a prosperous condition. Perhaps his ideal was not entirely reached. Had he lived longer the Seminary might, by a natural process of evolution, have developed into a female college, the seminary department being only preparatory to the still higher educational work. The Divine Teacher once said of a woman who had cast a mite into the treasury, that she had given more than all the rich who had cast in their gifts, because she had given all that she had. DR. MILLS gave nearly all that he had. He was never rich; but he has enriched the public. When such a man dies, it is fitting to take some account of his work. It is time to forget his idiosyncracies, the mere foibles and excrescences, whatever they may be, which do not go to the making up of any essential thing in his character, and to remember in what way he wrought best for the public good. And so to-day this man, whose life was so unobtrusive, is entitled to a place at the head of the educational benefactors of the State.

Perhaps he never claimed as much. But after all, that is a most successful life when one goes on his way with his best work upon an institution which he has founded, and which has in it the promise of abiding for many generations. The thousands of young women who may be educated there will, in some large sense, participate in the benefits which this one man secured in his busy, planning, and industrious life. And since there are so few educational founders in California, it is well to take a faithful account of their work. DR. MILLS now does not stand alone, by any means, in the work of building up educational institutions in this State. But it is fitting to say of him that he was prominent in consecrating his modest fortune to such uses, and that devoting his life to the same grand purpose he became preëminently the leading educational founder in California. What he did with his moderate means, it would be possible for many another to do with the great fortunes which have been accumulated in this State. Not that every rich man is called upon to found a new educational institution. Only he might well consider his relations to a State which has enabled him to make his fortune. He might, at least, become a founder to the extent of fellowship, scholarship, or chair of instruction. The State in this respect needs more founders. The number is surprisingly small, and it appears the

smaller in view of the wealth which has been acquired here. The accounts of wrecked fortunes multiply of late. It is not pleasant reading. Looking over the accounts of the disappearance of five or six millions, the vanishing fortune of single individuals, one is led to exclaim—So much and yet so little! Nothing for the public, nothing for a single institution of education or charity; but all for self! Why should the memory of any man who has grand opportunities go into utter oblivion?

The key of Ezra Cornell's life is disclosed in the words in which he declared his purpose to found a great institution of learning: "I would found an institution where any person can find instruction in any study." He lives to-day as the founder of one of the largest and most important educational institutions in the country. Had Ezra Cornell wrecked his fortune in rash and foolish speculations, it would have been little to the world. The whole account would have been included in one of the brief news paragraphs of the day. He anchored his fortune for the benefit of posterity. The three or more millions which he gave first and last was, with a single exception, the largest gift ever made by an American citizen for the cause of public education. The founder builds upon the rock. The Divine Teacher draws attention to the two classes of founders, one of which built upon the sand and the other upon the rock. The unfounded fortune disappears. It is three millions to-day and ten millions to-morrow, all passing the vanishing point. Nothing has been founded. The list of founders increases, only the increase is very slow. Not every man of wealth is called to found a new institution; but he has a call to consider what work of his is to abide. In his way, CYRUS MILLS wrought as well as Cornell. Both wrought, according to the means which they could command. Men die, but institutions and the memory of their founders survive.

(DAILY TRIBUNE, OAKLAND, CAL.)

"He is not dead but sleepeth." Such were the words with which a representative of this paper was ushered yesterday morning into a little room at Mills Seminary, where in his narrow couch lay the dead body of its founder. Calm and peaceful was the expression on the be-

nignant face. No trace of pain or of care, but a look of resignation; a look that said to the beholder more emphatically than could any eulogy, "That man was a good man." In the presence of the august dead the spacious building was hushed. Sombre figures flitted noiselessly back and forth through the darkened rooms and long corridors. Here and there were congregated a group of the earlier arrivals, whispering quietly of the loss which had been sustained by that community, among which the dead educator had wrought such a widespread and such a healthful influence. Within the chapel, sympathetic hands were putting the final touches to the beautiful tributes of affection and gratitude that everywhere spoke of the joys and glories of the resurrection. The chapel was filled with flowers, and the disposition of the designs, as well as the composition of many of them, was the work of one of MR. MILLS' oldest pupils, Miss Mary Bates. One of the most beautiful and touching tributes was a field of ripened wheat, half of which was standing, and half had fallen before the reaper's scythe. Amid the golden blades, cut down in the fruition of their vigor, was inscribed in letters formed of violets the one word "Gathered." Many friends stopped to meditate before this beautiful thought, and as they stood there, a dew, but not from heaven, fell and glistened upon the golden grain.

The tribute of the Teachers of the institution also drew forth whispered admiration from many. It was a floral column, about five feet in height, resting upon a massive pedestal of the choicest blossoms. The column itself was composed of camellias, white roses, lilies of the annunciation, and was surmounted by a garland of black velvet pansies. The Junior Class contributed a beautiful floral star, its five points bordered with black pansies, enclosing within its sombre lines hundreds of snowy camellias and roses. The star was surmounted by a white dove. The offering of the Senior Class was an immense floral pillow, with the words, "Our Benefactor," inscribed in violets across its face. Above the platform one of the objects that first struck the eye was an admirable portrait of the honored dead, draped with heavy black velvet, over which hung several sprays of luxuriant white roses. On one side of the pulpit, which was also draped in black, was a beautiful cross, offered by the working-men employed at the institution. By its side was a design representing an anchor and cross. At another point on the platform was a white dove, rest-

ing with pinions outstretched upon a bed of dark green. Against the dark drapery of the pulpit, already spoken of, were placed bunches of white snowballs, gracefully drooping over a pillow of dark pansies at the base. At the left of the pulpit was the offering of the Junior Middle Class, a large anchor on a standard of white flowers. Still further to the left was one of the most beautiful of the floral pieces, "The Gates Ajar," offered by the Senior Middle Class in loving memory of their dead friend and instructor. It was a massive arch of flowers, five feet in height, surmounted by a white star, while from the center of the arch was suspended a crown, breathing a pathetic message through its blue forget-me-nots and white daisies. The arch itself was composed mainly of white camellias, roses, azaleas, and lilies of the annunciation. At the base, and between the sides of the arch, were the symbolic gates, made of dark pansies, and swung half open. A design of a similar character was given by the Junior Class, though differing somewhat in its materials, the gates being of white saffron roses, swung wide open. Prof. Louis Lisser sent a beautiful wreath of white roses and camellias, in the center of which was a cross of heliotrope. Prof. Kelleher, and others from far and near, sent lovely floral offerings. The organ at the back of the platform was almost hidden by a veil of tea roses and other delicate blooms. Indeed, it was a noticeable feature of the floral decorations, that colored flowers were present in perhaps greater profusion than were white.

Mrs. Mills is bearing her great grief with Christian resignation, and is as well as could, under the circumstances, be expected. It has been no small comfort to her in this, the darkest hour of her life, to receive so many messages of loving condolence as have arrived during the last few hours. From nearly every State in the Union have come affectionate expressions of sympathy, mainly from pupils of former days.

The rain, which began to descend at about 11.30 o'clock, did not deter the many friends of the family and the Institution from being present, and at one o'clock they began to assemble in the Chapel where the services were held. At the beginning of the services it was announced that, owing to the storm, the burial would not take place to-day, but would be private.

At 1.30 o'clock the bell of the Seminary tolled slowly, and announced

that the hour of the last sad rites had arrived, the casket being borne by the following trustees: Hon. A. J. Bryant, of San Francisco; the Rev. Doctors F. A. Horton and J. H. Wythe, of Oakland; Rev. C. D. Barrows, of San Francisco; the Rev. Dr. E. S. Beckwith, of San Francisco; the Rev. R. L. Tabor, of Alameda; the Rev. T. K. Noble, of San Francisco; Judges E. D. Sawyer and Hon. M. H. Myrick, of San Francisco; David Hewes, of Oakland; and Robert Simson, of Seminary Park. After the pall-bearers had taken their places on the platform the services were begun by a prayer offered by the Rev. E. S. Beckwith, which was followed by an anthem by the choir, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Kelleher. The Rev. Mr. Horton then read a very appropriate passage from the Gospel of St. John. A most impressive address was then delivered by the Rev. Mr. Tabor, of Alameda, who took for his theme the words "God is good," and after an eloquent introduction spoke at length of DR. MILLS' life and of the foundation of the Seminary. The choir then sang a chant which was a favorite one with DR. MILLS in his earlier years, and which he had not heard since the time when he was admitted to the ministry, until a month before his death. Addresses of great impressiveness were then made by Rev. Chas. Dana Barrows, and by the Rev. Dr. Wythe, who paid an affectionate tribute to the worth of DR. MILLS as a man, a scholar, and a Christian. The Rev. T. K. Noble, on behalf of the Board of Trustees, offered a series of resolutions of respect and sympathy, after which the choir sang an anthem. The Rev. Dr. Patterson, Moderator of the Presbytery of San Francisco, paid in behalf of that body a high tribute to the great work of DR. MILLS. After the benediction the congregation dispersed.

The inclemency of the weather prevented the interment from taking place to-day, and marred, to a great extent, the decorations of the grave, which were seen by the writer before the rain began. Not a clod of earth was visible. All had been carefully hid from sight by white cloth, over which were lavishly strewed flowers of the same color. The four sides of the grave were lined with this floral curtain, while the bottom was filled with the purest lilies. All that youthful hearts, quickened by ardent sympathy, could do to heal the bitter sting of death and to rob the grave of its horrors was done. And perhaps this tribute, rather than the many tributes of sympathy already described, are DR. MILLS' best memorials. On each side of the grave was a heap of lilies, completely screening the earth from sight.

(THE ARGONAUT, SAN FRANCISCO.)

The Rev. CYRUS T. MILLS, D. D., who recently died, was a benefactor to the State. Since his first advent here as principal of the Benicia Seminary, 1865, to the day of his death, he continually studied the welfare of the people of California. In 1871, aided by the inadequate pecuniary assistance of friends, he started Mills Seminary. By his noble efforts and wise business management the institution is now worth more than a quarter of a million dollars. This magnificent property he turned over to the State for the future benefit of its womanhood. The scholarships for the education of young women possessing scanty means amount to twenty thousand dollars. Throughout the Union are scattered nearly two thousand of DR. MILLS' former pupils, exerting mighty influence as mothers, wives and daughters. The numerous business enterprises which DR. MILLS conducted to successful issues all tended to the improvement of the seminary property. On the eighty-five acres surrounding the large building are forests of young trees, large orchards of rare fruit, and produce of every kind needed for the support of the institution. The funeral obsequies were exceedingly impressive. Pupils came from all over the State, and hundreds sent letters of sympathy. DR. MILLS' remains are buried on the hill near the little Seminary chapel.

 (THE OCCIDENT, SAN FRANCISCO.)

I did not get the news of his death until too late to go to the funeral. I knew him first in Union Seminary, New York, in 1846. He was one of a band of students who had given themselves to the work of foreign missions, and who met every Saturday morning in a room in the fourth story of the old seminary building on University Place. These Saturday morning meetings were the most tender and spiritual that I ever attended. The twenty-five young men who met together expected soon to be scattered all over the heathen world, and they sought to strengthen each other by Christian converse and prayer. Some of that band of men are still laboring in the foreign fields. Many of them have died on missionary ground; a few returned on account of failing health, and are doing good service at home.

Among this latter class is our excellent Publication Secretary, Rev. J. W. Dulles, D. D.

CYRUS MILLS, though a very modest and quiet man, was so earnest, warm-hearted and pious that he was a leading spirit in the association. He had a personal magnetism which drew his fellow students to him, and gave him great influence over them. He was not brilliant as a writer or speaker, but he was an excellent scholar, and had a great deal of sanctified common sense and executive ability. These qualities have given him success in India, in the Sandwich Islands, and in California. His life and work on this coast are so well known that I need not write them. But of his student life and early missionary spirit I write, because there is, I believe, no other fellow student of his on this side of the mountains. He never sought great things for himself. He toiled only to do good: and what a monument he has erected to transmit the memory of his energy and of his benevolence to coming generations!

C. E. BABB.

Laurel Ranch, April 24, 1884.

(THE TIMES, POMONA, CAL.)

This community was pained to learn of the death, on last Sunday morning, of Rev. C. T. MILLS, D. D. He had been for some months suffering with a disease of the elbow joint, caused by a low state of the system, and on Saturday last it was thought necessary to amputate the arm near the shoulder, as the only chance of saving his life. The physicians feared that the pus generated by the caries would penetrate the veins or arteries and produce blood poisoning, and the amputation was performed to avert that consummation. The shock of the amputation did not seem to affect him seriously. Shortly after he rallied, and appeared improving until 11 P. M. Saturday, when a chill occurred that lasted half an hour. From that time he rapidly sank. He retained consciousness until a half hour before his death. MR. MILLS was at one time a missionary in the Sandwich Islands and in India. He came to California in 1858, and soon thereafter took charge of the Benicia Seminary. In 1871 he established an Educational Institution at Seminary Park, and laid the foundation of Mills Seminary, and through his untiring labors, that now ranks as

one of the finest educational institutions in the land. But he is best known to our people through his connection with the Pomona Land and Water Company, and his active efforts in developing the water supply and other material resources of our valley. Early in 1882, in company with Mr. M. L. Wicks, of Los Angeles, he purchased the Pomona tract from Mr. Louis Phillip, as well as other large tracts of land in the valley, and immediately commenced the development of the water supply. From the time of his commencing active operations Pomona dates its era of settlement and growth. In the fall of 1882 the Pomona Land and Water Company was organized, and succeeded the firm of Mills & Wicks in the ownership of the lands which had been acquired by the latter. MR. MILLS became the President of the new corporation, and held that position at the time of his decease. He at all times manifested a lively interest in the welfare and upbuilding of our town and valley. Although the work which he inaugurated here will be carried on by the Company of which he was the active and honored President, this community can but feel that it has lost an active friend, an earnest worker for its well being; and will cherish his memory even while rejoicing in the prosperity which has been in great part achieved through his instrumentality.

(THE TIMES, POMONA, CAL.)

Last Sabbath evening, before the sermon, Rev. O. C. Weller spoke as follows with reference to the death of DR. MILLS:

The sad, and to most of us unexpected news of the death of DR. C. T. MILLS, reached us this morning just at the close of service.

This is a blow that we of this community must all feel. DR. MILLS was the widely known and much loved President of Mills Seminary; the active and efficient President of the Pomona Land and Water Company, and the generous and magnanimous President of our Church Board of Trustees. But this people knows him best as the frail, nervous, tireless, genial, generous, and large-hearted planner and organizer, who has made the sleepy, unknown town of Pomona waken, and grow, and bloom, and blossom, and waft the perfume of its orange blossoms throughout all the States.

Few men ever prosecuted a business enterprise with a better and more unselfish purpose than DR. MILLS prosecuted the business which has marked the development of Pomona. Not all of us know, though some of us do, of his liberal and generous plans for the future—how he had in his mind and heart large things and beneficent things for this child of his love and old age.

This is not the time for a full and complete obituary of our deceased benefactor. I only pause a moment to voice the sentiment of all our people in the community, and in the town, and in the church, expressive of our loss, our sorrow, and our sympathy.

Not soon again will Pomona find so generous and so large-hearted a benefactor. Not soon again will this church find another so liberal and so unselfish a supporter.

We bow our hearts in humble recognition of God's chastening hand. The Doctor's personal work is over. His example, his influence and his gifts are still ours. Let us cherish them with grateful thanks to God for having given us such a friend. Let our prayers and sympathies go out in behalf of the bereaved wife, who is also our friend and benefactress; and let us cherish the memory of so good and magnanimous a man, and take up the work where he has left it, and carry it on in the fear of God and for the glory of his cause.

“HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.”





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